

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLINOIS STATE
NEWSPAPER

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ILLINOIS.—THE VORTEX OF THE WHIRLWIND—A SCENE IN THE DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO AT MOUNT CARMEL. ON THE EVENING OF JUNE 4TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES W. COSTER.—SEE PAGE 270.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1877.

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BY RAIL ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE Frank Leslie trans-continental excursion party, whose departure from this city on April 10th was announced in these columns in No. 1,126, returned safely on June 7th, having in the interval twice traversed the breadth of the Continent. Every place of interest on the route was visited, and its points of significance intelligently studied, and an enduring record made of them by photograph, pencil and pen. The scenery of the great highways of travel and commerce, as well as of many remote localities not always brought within the scope of tourists' observation, has in this way been faithfully depicted, and is now about to be reproduced for the benefit of the readers of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. In our next issue the publication of the series will begin, and it will be continued regularly until the entire trip from New York to San Francisco and the Yosemite region, including a visit, on the homeward route, to Brigham Young at Great Salt Lake City, has been illustrated. The pictures will be accompanied by explanatory descriptive texts, giving the fresh impressions of a member of the party. Our readers may congratulate themselves upon the opportunity thus to be placed before them of obtaining newer and more accurate knowledge of the natural features of the Great West and the Pacific Slope than have ever before been available.

AN EX-PRESIDENT ABROAD AND AT HOME.

THE University of Oxford has done all it could to show its good will towards this country by conferring the honorary degree of D.C.L. upon ex-President Grant. It can scarcely be regarded as a personal compliment to our ex-President, although the London *Spectator* did say that "if General Grant had come to England before he became President of the Union, though after he had achieved his great victories, as the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, he would probably have been regarded with much more interest and admiration than he is likely to be now." But we doubt it very much; Oxford would never have conferred a degree upon General Grant if his military career had not been supplemented by eight years in the Presidency. That venerable seat of learning paid no such distinguished honor to General Sherman, the successor of General Grant as commander-in-chief of our armies, when that honored soldier visited England. The Presidency lifts the most commonplace of men into a position of such distinguished consideration that he can never again be looked upon as an ordinary citizen. Three of our ex-Presidents visited England after the expiration of their terms of office, and although they were lawyers by profession, and had been Senators and members of Congress, neither of them was made a Doctor of Civil Law by Oxford or any other University. They were, in fact, the recipients of no more public attentions than any other American citizens traveling in Europe for pleasure. The attentions showered so profusely upon ex-President Grant must, therefore, be attributed to his being regarded as the greatest of living military commanders and as the representative of the country of which he had been twice elected the President. He was exceedingly fortunate, too, in landing in England just at the height of what is called the London season, when notable personages in the British metropolis are on the lookout for lions, and there did not happen to be anybody else to divide public attention with him. He was extremely fortunate, also, in having in London a Minister of his own appointment who had the means to entertain him in a magnificent style that few of our representatives in Europe have ever been endowed with, and who could influence others to follow his example. The former private secretary of General Grant, likewise, holds the office of Consul-General to Great Britain in London, by his appointment, and he could exercise his influence to gain consideration for the man who had rewarded his services so munificently. Everything, in truth, worked together to produce a popular fer-

ment among the higher classes of Britons for the glorification of ex-President Grant. The Duke of Wellington, representing the greatest of British military commanders, felt it incumbent upon him to give the first dinner in London to the greatest of American soldiers. Then followed an invitation from His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the commander-in-chief of the British forces; and then the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne, knowing of General Grant's fondness for horse-flesh, drove him to Epsom; Lord Houghton, representing literature and art, gave him a dinner and a ball; the Corporation of London tendered him the freedom of the city in a gold snuff-box, the only other American to whom such a testimonial had been given being George Peabody, who may be said to have purchased the honor by the munificent sums he gave to the poor of London. The Queen is to give him a reception at Buckingham Palace, and all of Her Majesty's ministers, excepting Lord Beaconsfield, had called upon our ex-President to pay him their respects, and in addition to them were the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Argyle, and John Bright. These great honors were bestowed upon an American citizen holding no office, and who but sixteen years ago was living in obscurity in an out-of-the-way town in Illinois, unknown to anybody outside of his own circumscribed family circle. Surely such an instance of rapid rise in the world was never before known, except, perhaps, in the case of that Corsican adventurer, the first Napoleon.

Of course every American feels an honest pride in the very remarkable evidence of good feelings for this country which have been exhibited by leading Englishmen in their reception of our fortunate countryman. It would be idle to deny that General Grant is fairly entitled, by his military record, to marked attention in every country of Europe that he may visit. A successful soldier is always held in high esteem by all civilized as well as barbarous people, and General Grant deserves to be ranked among the most successful of modern military commanders, let opinions differ as they may as to his military abilities.

But we cannot overlook the very significant fact, that, while our most fortunate ex-President is receiving such overpowering demonstrations of honor from Englishmen of all parties and of all classes, here at home, where he is best known, his conduct during his eight years' service as the Chief Executive Officer of the nation is subjected to a thorough investigation, and his successor has already gained the popular approval by reversing his policy of administration. While Europe appears to be hastening to accord him the highest marks of honor, his own countrymen are pronouncing a verdict of guilty against him. His successor in the Presidency has grown immensely in popular favor by reversing, to the extent of his power, the evil that Grant did by his military policy in the South. The change is a complete reversal, and the people are loud in their manifestations of approval of the new policy adopted by President Hayes. There has never been a greater revolution in administering the affairs of the Government than that commenced by President Hayes from the day on which he was sworn into office; and the absence of General Grant from the country saves him from the mortification which he could not fail to feel of seeing his own policy so completely reversed, and by his own party, too.

It is not in the policy of the Administration towards the South alone that the methods of Grantism have been reversed, but in the system of making appointments in the Civil Service and in the collection of the revenues. Committees of investigation have been busily employed in seeking out the corruptions and imbecilities which have proved so demoralizing and costly to the people; and many wholesome reforms have already been introduced, while many more are anticipated. Perhaps if our friends on the other side of the Atlantic were to measure the true value of President Grant's services by the readiness of the people who elected him to rid themselves of the measures he compelled them to adopt, his public honors might be shorn somewhat of their splendor. But we have no disposition to interfere between our traveling ex-President and his European admirers; let them bestow all the honors they may upon him, he will receive them all with that stolid indifference, or at least that apparent stolidity, to which his countrymen have been accustomed in him. He will not be upset by any flatteries, and we may feel sure that he will be decorous under all circumstances, and spare his countrymen the mortification of reading any foolish speeches from him while he remains abroad.

EUROPEAN EVENTS.

THE rather monotonous events at the seats of war have been varied, during the past week, by flying rumors of attempts at peace-making. For these there is perhaps some foundation; for the interests of all

the Powers not immediately concerned in the conflict are those which war imperils, and which peace would secure. It is said that Prince Bismarck, apprehensive that a scheme was on foot for an alliance between England, France and Austria, hurried from his retreat at Varzin to Berlin, and made haste to advise Russia to come to an accommodation. It may be remarked that such an alliance as that which he is believed to fear would be a natural one. The interests of the three Powers mentioned have been coincident for a quarter of a century. All three have had reasons for looking with misgivings upon the cordial relations of Russia and Germany. Austria and France have been terribly punished by Germany; and England's *bête noir* for a century has been Russia. All of these Powers are certainly interested in common to prevent Russia from controlling the mouths of the Danube, the passage of the Bosphorus, and the entrance of the Suez Canal.

Yet there are reasons why they should each hesitate to enter upon so active a participation in the Eastern war as a triple alliance would imply. English action is fully paralyzed by the wide division of the opinion and sympathies of her people. France has serious domestic concerns to look after, and fears another German invasion. Austria is as divided and distracted as England, the court favoring Russia, and the ministry, Turkey; Hungary eager for a Turkish alliance, and the Slavs as eager for a Turkish defeat.

Moreover, Russia must be quite unwilling to make peace at the present moment. To come to terms now, before any brilliant victory has been gained, would make a farce of her gigantic preparations, and her haughty boasts. Before negotiating, her pride will impel her to do something substantial to justify her menaces. Her prospects in the war, despite the long delay, are full of promise. Her generals are wisely waiting till the swollen waters of the Danube reach their normal level, and till an overwhelming force has been gathered on its banks, before making that advance into Bulgaria which, it is generally thought, will be brilliantly successful, and perhaps decisive of the war. In Armenia, with some slight reverses, the Russian right wing and centre are drawing towards a junction near Erzeroum, while a large force has reached the vicinity of Kars. A great blow will be struck there before long, and probably victory will rest with the invader. The most serious misfortune which the Russians have suffered has been the rapidly spreading revolt in Circassia. It is said to have extended to the Caspian. If this is true, the Grand Duke Michael will have to look sharply to his communications, detach a considerable force to protect them, and may now be forced to retreat from the vicinity of Batoum. The Circassians are formidable foes, especially in the rear.

Meanwhile, affairs in France wear a gloomy aspect. The reactionary De Broglie Cabinet which Marshal MacMahon has called to his aid is losing no time in "preparing" the country for a general election. M. Fourtou, the Minister of the Interior, is rapidly replacing Republican prefects and mayors by Monarchical ones, which means that there are to be "official" candidates, and that the whole internal machinery of the State is to be boldly used, as in the time of the Empire, in intimidating voters, and compelling the French electorate to choose an anti-Republican Parliament. In further imitation of the most odious features of Napoleon III.'s régime, the ministry is doing its best to throttle freedom of speech and of the press. The President of the Municipal Council of Paris has been thrown into prison for daring to criticize MacMahon; papers have been suspended here and there; and the right of public meetings to discuss political affairs has been visited by the imposition of arbitrary rules of restriction and repression. Still, the Republicans are moderate, self-sustained and hopeful; and are wisely showing France that they can repay violence and outrage by a calm confidence in the good sense of the nation.

In England, Gladstone continues to make agitating speeches to enthusiastic multitudes, and thus to widen more and more the breach in public opinion. The result is, as well, to sow dissension among the Liberals; Mr. Gladstone will scarcely resume the leadership of the old Liberal Party; but it is not improbable that, having freed himself from its most conservative wing, he may at last have made up his mind to a radical programme, to lead an assault upon the Church Establishment, and even, perhaps, to attack the prescriptive tenures of land and the privileges of the peerage.

DECORATIVE ART FOR WOMEN.

AFTER the close of the Franco-German War, and the victorious German troops were returning across the Rhine exultingly singing their national hymn, the first flush of success led them to forget at what terrible cost of life the victory had been won. When the excitement began to moderate,

and the people looked about to see what had become of near and dear friends, the rejoicings were turned to mourning, and there was scarcely a household which had not sacrificed its choicest member. Sad havoc had been made of the supports upon whom many families had been compelled to lean. Husbands and brothers had been shot down, leaving refined and cultured women in deplorable destitution. The pensions provided by the Government were inadequate to supply the deficiency, and it was then that some of the best women of Berlin combined together to form a society called the "Frauenshutz," the object of which was to furnish employment to accomplished women, and to sell such artistic work as many of them were competent to furnish.

In times of prosperity many ladies acquire skill in decorative art, in the use of the pencil as well as the needle, but, beyond the ornamentation of their own drawing-rooms, they never turn their talents to practical account. When adversity overtakes them the difficulty has always been to find a market for the exquisite workmanship which they formerly had no trouble in giving away, but which, now that necessity oppresses them, no one wants to buy. The only channel through which these reduced ladies can dispense of their work is guarded by unfeeling tradesmen, who are only too ready to take advantage of misfortune, and to turn it to account. Few refined women possess the courage to face such obstacles, and they prefer to suffer in silence rather than to submit to the trying ordeal.

As soon as the Berlin "Verein" commenced operations, they were shocked to learn how many widows and orphans there were to whom a helping hand was necessary. From all sides the cry of affliction reached them, and it became necessary to enlarge the original scope of the organization, in order that it might include something more than the purely artistic features at first incorporated in it. They started out with the announcement that their object was not to strive to introduce women into any occupations now carried on by men, because the number of men out of employment is nearly as great as that of women, and to crowd them out of the positions they now hold could not be counted an act of charity. On the contrary, they looked in the direction of the indisputable sphere of women—the cares of the household—and have tried to show, by their earnest protestations, that there are many positions in the domestic circle which the most refined women can accept, and ought to accept, without reluctance.

The invasion of the household by an army of servants coming from the lowest ranks is the fault of educated women. The latter have been too proud to compete with what they call "the vulgar herd," and they seek for something out of the reach of the illiterate. It is now proposed to drive the invaders back to the coarser work, which they are well suited to perform, and to reinstate cultivated women in the domestic occupations which were at one time the pride of the sex.

In order to aid the wives and daughters of the higher classes to acquire skill in various kinds of handwork, studios have been established by the German Society in various cities, where all instruction is gratuitous, and where the pupils are soon enabled to earn small sums by the sale of articles they are taught to make. Instruction is imparted in the designing and cutting-out of the decorative portions of ladies' toilets, and it must be acknowledged that this offers a field worthy of the highest genius. Under the direction of the same Society is the training-school for nurses, offering to women one of the most remunerative and useful occupations they could aspire to attain. If there is any place in which the most beautiful traits of female character are needed, and where women can assume undisputed sway, it is in the sick-room at the bedside of the suffering and weary; here no competitors can enter, and the most refined and cultured woman of the land can find exercise for all that is good and noble in her nature. In fact, in the School for Nurses only those are accepted who can produce the most satisfactory evidence of possessing the requisite delicacy and refinement as well as culture deemed indispensable in any one who aspires to the noble career of watching at the bedside of the sick.

We cannot follow the Berlin Society in all of its various branches, as it would carry us beyond the limits of a single article, but turn with pleasure to our own country, where, in the City of New York, "The Society of Decorative Art" has just been founded. This Society is not so comprehensive in its scope as the corresponding London and Berlin organizations; it is rather a mutual aid society for the financial benefit of capable women who desire to help themselves in such a way as to escape the annoyance of gossip.

At the salesrooms which the Society will establish, the buyer will not know the name of the artist whose work is laid upon the counter. Any woman clever with her pencil, accomplished with her needle,

original in invention, rich in imagination and skillful in execution, can have the opportunity of putting her productions on the market without encountering the inquisitive officiousness and the grinding conditions of the "middleman." The objects of the Society of Decorative Art may be succinctly stated to be as follows: To encourage profitable industries among women who possess artistic talents, to furnish standards of excellence, and to provide a market for amateur work; to establish a bureau of information concerning the kinds of art industries which have been found remunerative in other countries; to form classes in which gratuitous instruction will be imparted in artistic, ecclesiastical and household needlework, in the decoration of china, and in such branches of art as may be required, and for which competent teachers can be obtained; to establish depots for the exhibition and sale of sculptures, paintings, wood carvings, paintings on slate, porcelain, and pottery, all kinds of needle-work, tapestries, hangings, and, in short, decorative work of every description, designed and executed by women, and possessing a sufficient degree of excellence to meet the critical taste of buyers; to form auxiliary committees in other cities of the United States, who shall receive and pronounce upon all work offered for acceptance and if approved to consign it to the sales-rooms in New York; to enter into correspondence with manufacturers of all kinds with a view of procuring special orders for designs, as well as obtaining materials used in art-work at wholesale prices. It is believed that by the encouragement of this Society a large amount of decorative work done by those who do not make it a profession will be brought to the notice of purchasers outside of a limited circle of friends. The necessary expenses of the Society for the first, and possibly the second, year, will be defrayed by a membership fee of five dollars, as well as by donations, but after that time it is expected that all outlays will be met by commissions upon the sales of articles consigned to it. By the co-operation of women artists of acknowledged ability it is hoped that a high standard of excellence may be established in the character of the articles offered for sale, and that thus many women, by seeing what is liked, may be encouraged to apply their talents in the right direction. A committee of selection will have the unenviable task of deciding what articles shall be exposed for sale, and what shall be rejected as too poor to tempt the most illiterate buyer. All accepted articles will be attractively displayed without expense to the artist, but in case they are sold, a commission of ten per cent. will be charged to meet expenses. The organization of the Society was recently completed by the election of officers and managers, all of whom give their services gratuitously, and in addition contributed liberally towards defraying the necessary expenses. The Society proposes to conduct its affairs on sound business principles; not to beg the public to buy, but compel them to do so by the excellence and desirable qualities of the articles exposed for sale. The object is certainly a noble one, and appeals alike to the chivalry of men and the sympathy of women all over the land.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS AT THE SOUTH.

It is gratifying to see that in the South there is a widespread desire for the inauguration of new lines of commercial traffic, and that the demand for internal improvements is so strong that it is likely soon to have practical effect. The value of canals and railways, of commodious harbors and streams easily navigable, is at last making itself felt among a people who formerly were content to raise some of the principal staples for others, careless where their market was found or how it was to be reached. Now they ask that the Mississippi and the waters of Hampton Roads shall be united, and that the journey from the Gulf of Mexico to the Northern Lakes shall be shortened by the swift flight of the iron horse. Long ago the North discovered that one of the foundations of its prosperity was to be rapid and continuous communication between the producer and his market; and the Erie Canal was the first step in the magnificent commercial advance of the Empire State. As soon as this step had been fairly taken, every species of manufacture hastened to plant itself in the localities which were destined to be centres of trade, and the rest of the work of reaping the golden harvest was comparatively easy.

Since the close of the late exhausting war, the industries of the South have grown up at a marvelous pace. Cities like Atlanta, that were left a heap of ruins, were built up into double their original strength as business capitals, and they naturally attracted to themselves new lines of railroad travel. Georgia's vast deposits of iron ore, fully equal to that of Pennsylvania in the quality of the metal and

percentage to the ton, is becoming as important a factor as South Carolina's cotton or Virginia's tobacco; and the manufacture of steel of superior grade suggest foundries, furnaces and workshops that will roll out wealth. Chattanooga, in Tennessee, is the terminus of five railroads, besides the Cincinnati Southern, which is nearly completed; and with the Tennessee River, which is navigable the year round, has transportation facilities as complete as could be desired. These are but instances of what has been done, and examples of what may yet be achieved. Considering the many natural drawbacks, the progress made may be called almost miraculous. Yet, of course, there remains a great deal to be done, and it must not be forgotten that it will take time to accomplish it. The land was not only desolated and impoverished by the long and bloody contest between the sections, but was the arena in which was worked out one of the most vexatious labor problems that ever plagued the statesmanship of a nation. While it was being adjusted in the calm that followed the close of hostilities, capital took no step that did not promise a perfectly safe investment and an immediate return. It restored the old highways of travel, built a few necessary connecting branches, laid out the paths that the new commerce of the land demanded for its growth, and then waited to see whether it were best to go forward or diplomatically. At this point in its commercial history the South stands now.

With all the natural advantages they have on their side; with a land that will yield untold riches in its cotton, cane, tobacco, fruits and metals, it may be doubted whether the Southern people are altogether wise in listening to the politicians who seek to persuade them that the national purse ought to furnish all the great internal improvements they need. That the Government may sometimes act judiciously in subsidizing private enterprises—as France and England have done, with generous hand, in the shape of moneys paid to steamship-lines for mail service—no one will doubt. But this aid has been given after capital has completed its successful labors. That the Government should build a great railroad, or dig a great canal, or create artificial highways of traffic, is a questionable policy, while there is no doubt that it may advantageously nurture the commercial ambition of the people. The true motor of all vast industrial enterprises, and of any extended internal improvement, is private capital. Usually it is quick to see and seize upon any promising opportunity for investment, especially where it has to do with the building up of the commerce of a great and growing section. But in the case of the South, the drawback of a disturbed condition of the land, following upon a period of war and labor agitation, has had a deterrent effect upon capital, and it is well, therefore, that the question of internal improvements there should be widely agitated. While the land groans under unexampled taxation it is scarcely probable that the Government will take upon itself any new enterprises; but the agitation of the question will not only do no harm, but will open the eyes of capitalists everywhere to the wealth that will follow investment. Now that peace, order and local self-government have been restored to the South, there can be little doubt that the means of building up her commercial greatness through railways, canals and commodious harbors will be voluntarily furnished to her people.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

CENTENNIAL AWARDS.—The following presents the complete number of awards by country, given by the Centennial Commissioners: Argentine Republic, 83; Austria, 296; Africa (Orange Free State), 5; Belgium, 253; Brazil, 436; Chili, 41; China, 35; Denmark, 30; Egypt, 21; France, 697; German Empire, 665; Hawaiian Islands, 12; Italy, 448; Japanese Empire, 142; Mexico, 75; Netherlands, 195; Norway, 141; Peru, 3; Portugal, 953; Russia, 450; Spain, 842; Sweden, 212; Tunis, 8; Switzerland, 200; Turkey, 85; United Kingdom, 644; Bahamas, 7; Cape of Good Hope, 20; Canada, 520; Jamaica, 31; New South Wales, 73; New Zealand, 30; Queensland, 69; South Australia, 46; Tasmania, 29; Victoria, 120; Venezuela, 27; Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, 9; United States, 5,134. Total, 13,036.

OHIO'S SHARE.—The general expectation of Civil Service Reform in our national capital is causing the conduct of Mr. Hayes's administration to be watched by the public with closer scrutiny than any of his predecessors' have been subjected to. Among other points of interest, the impression that Ohio has had much more than her fair proportion in various branches of the service has led to a partial examination into the matter. In the State Department there is not a single clerk, employé or laborer from Ohio. In the entire consular and diplomatic service at the opening of this Administration Ohio had 8 appointments and New York 38. In the office of the Secretary of the Navy, Ohio has 1 lowest-class clerk, while Pennsylvania has 13. Of Assistant-Surgeons in the army now in service, Ohio has 2, Pennsylvania 30, and New York 27. In the Quartermaster's Department, Ohio has 48, and New York 14. In the Pay Depart-

ment of the Army, Ohio has 8, New York 23, and Pennsylvania 17. Among the Engineers of the Navy, Ohio 5, New York 62, and Pennsylvania 61. The true relation which these States should sustain to each other for such a division of the spoils is claimed, by those who suppose Ohio has too much, to be on the basis of their representation in Congress, which is, Ohio 20, Pennsylvania 27, and New York 33.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—The question of American participation in the Paris Exhibition of 1878 remains unsettled. The Cabinet has not yet decided whether it would be going beyond the proper functions of the Executive to appoint a provisional commission to the Paris Exposition before Congress has authorized the formal acceptance of the invitation of the French Government. If the event comes off next year, as announced, and nothing is done on this side of the Atlantic until Congress meets, it will be impossible for the United States to make a creditable display; but it is considered possible that there will be a postponement for a year. President MacMahon protests that there will not be, and assures the representatives of foreign nations that the fair will open next May, and his statements are backed up by rapid work upon the buildings. On the other hand, however, everybody familiar with the world's fair knows that they are the outgrowth of a general public interest which is impossible to arouse except in a time of peace. With a great war raging in Europe, engrossing the utmost efforts of two of the powerful nations, and threatening, at any moment, to draw others into its vortex, it seems wholly impracticable to organize a vast international display of the arts of peace. It therefore appears highly probable that President MacMahon's assertions are for diplomatic effect, and that their purpose is to assure other countries that France has no belligerent designs, and that in the Summer or Fall will come an announcement of the postponement of the Exhibition. The tardiness of the Cabinet in coming to a decision as to what steps, if any, this Government will take prior to the meeting of Congress, probably arises from a belief that this is the real state of affairs.

SHERMAN AND NEPOTISM.—The Secretary of the Treasury has set on foot some notable reforms in his department. On June 5th he issued a circular directing the chiefs of the various divisions to inquire whether any of their subordinates have relatives by blood or marriage employed in the department, and to report to him in writing the names of such persons, with degree of relationship and the positions held. The issuance of this circular has caused great consternation in the department. Its purpose is to ascertain whether two or more members of the same family are employed, but the fear is entertained that the Secretary is determined to remove relatives without regard to their connection with the same household or family. There are notorious cases of nepotism and instances, where those holding office are abundantly able to support themselves without aid from the Government, and to correct these abuses is the main desire of the Secretary. It has always happened, however, that this class has been passed over when discharges have been made, and the few who have been discharged were speedily restored. An instance is related of a lady now in the National Bank Note Redemption Agency who receives \$1,200 per annum, and whose husband is a practicing physician in Washington. There are numerous cases of this kind, and if Secretary Sherman can succeed in relieving the department of this class he will accomplish what some of his predecessors have attempted but failed to do. It is scarcely possible Secretary Sherman proposes to discharge an efficient and faithful officer, the head of a family, because he may have a relative in the department also the head of a family and an equally capable officer. A judicious application of the rule about relatives will promote the service and work no injustice to individuals.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.—Senator Morton has prepared a scheme for readjusting the system of Presidential elections, which he is energetically ventilating through magazines and on the lecture platform. Mr. Morton's views may be briefly stated as follows: When our fathers framed the Constitution they sought to place the Government as far from the people as possible. Up to the first election, in 1788, all the Electors were chosen by the State Legislatures. The idea of electing them by the people made slow progress, and in 1861 South Carolina continued to choose her Electors by the State Legislature. While this was the theory of our fathers, it has been completely overthrown in practice, and our safety consists in having it completely overthrown. While the theory and purpose of the Electoral College has been overthrown and destroyed, still it is left full of danger. True democracy consists in a Government for the people and by the people, in which every man shall be allowed to vote for the candidate that meets his approbation, and this is our safety. The great body of the American people cannot be corrupted. No amendment can be made to the Constitution except after an absolute demonstration of the necessity of it. Those who are fond of change in this country are not the body of the people, but those who assume to be above the people. The amendment proposed is to abolish the Electoral College, and bring the election of the President right home to the people. Our present form of election denies our nationality. It is a vote by the State, and not by the people. When parties are nearly evenly divided, a successful fraud settles the result. Fraud in large cities is one of the great dangers of the country. The Electoral College has never represented the sentiment and choice of the people. It has never come within ten per cent. of it. "I would prefer," says Mr. Morton, "to elect the President by one great vote of the people, instead of being separated by State lines, and the man getting the most votes in the United States should be President." The present Electoral system is a complex one, the minority often controlling the majority. The nearer we bring our Govern-

ment to the people the stronger and safer it is. I have not much hope in regard to the accomplishment of the desired change in the Constitution; but I think it is my duty to present the matter to the American people, and I intend to do it whether it succeeds or not."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

INTERNAL revenue officers seized six illicit distilleries in Arkansas.

PRESIDENT HAYES appointed James Lewis (colored) to be Naval Officer at New Orleans.

THE annual examinations at the Military Academy, at West Point, were opened on the 4th.

An enthusiastic mass meeting of citizens favoring rapid transit in New York City was held on the 5th.

THE International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations was held in Louisville, Ky., last week.

SIX hundred and fifty delegates attended the annual meeting of the American Medical Association, at Chicago, on the 7th.

GOVERNOR PRESCOTT, of New Hampshire, was inaugurated on the 7th, the Legislature having been convened the day previous.

A SPECIAL committee to investigate the management of the Custom House at Philadelphia was appointed by Secretary Sherman.

THE town of Mount Carmel, Ill., was struck by a tornado on the 4th. Many lives were lost, and a vast amount of property destroyed.

A GREENBAC CONVENTION was held at Columbus, Ohio, on the 6th, and a ticket, with the name of Stephen Johnson for Governor, nominated.

MRS. LYDIA SHERMAN, the great poisoner, who escaped from the Connecticut State Prison, was recaptured in Providence, R. I., on the 4th, and remanded.

DISASTROUS fires occurred in Galveston, Texas, New Orleans, La., and East Bridgeport, Conn., on the 8th. In the latter place eleven men were killed by the falling of a wall.

THE seventy-first annual meeting of the General Synod of the Reformed (Dutch) Church was opened in New York on the 6th, under the Presidency of the Rev. Dr. Clark, of Albany.

THE suit of the City and County of New York against Peter B. Sweeny was compromised by the defendant agreeing to pay \$400,000 from his brother's estate within six months.

A COURT OF INQUIRY was ordered in regard to the wreck of the steamship *City of San Francisco* on Tatar Shoals, and a war-vessel was dispatched to make a thorough survey of the locality.

An attempt was made to wreck an express train on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway on the 2d. Three persons were killed. On the 4th five men were arrested for the outrage, one making a full confession.

GOLD sold during the past week in New York as follows: Monday, 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ @ 105 $\frac{1}{2}$; Tuesday, 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ @ 105 $\frac{1}{2}$; Wednesday, 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ @ 105 $\frac{1}{2}$; Thursday, 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ @ 105 $\frac{1}{2}$; Friday, 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ @ 105 $\frac{1}{2}$; Saturday, 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ @ 105 $\frac{1}{2}$.

THE annual communication of the Grand Lodge of New York F. and A. M. was held in the Masonic Temple. Joseph J. Couch was elected Grand Master, the incumbent, General James Husted, declining a second time.

THE seat of Judge R. B. Carpenter was declared vacant by the Legislature of South Carolina; and Associate-Judge J. J. Wright (colored) of the Supreme Court was removed for drunkenness and incompetency, and will be impeached.

Foreign.

A COALITION Ministry was formed in Greece, with Vice-Admiral Canaris at its head.

HER MAJESTY SOPHIA, Queen of the Netherlands, died at the Hague on the 3d, aged 59.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, the famous obelisk, was successfully exhumed and found to be in a pretty fair condition. It will be sent to London.

A LARGE number of persons were arrested in Biscay, Spain, for indulging in proceedings of a Republican tendency, and will be exiled to the Philippines Islands.

THE race between the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier and Victorina Sardou, the dramatic author, for a seat among the "Forty Immortals," was won by the latter by a majority of two votes.

MARSHAL MACMAHON, President of France, and Count Larisch, who bore the congratulations of the Emperor of Austria to the Pope, received the Grand Cross of the Order of Pius IX.

COLONEL GORDON succeeded in effecting a treaty of peace between Abyssinia and Egypt, upon the basis of the restoration of old frontiers, and the establishment of free trade intercourse and mutual consular relations.

M. DUVERDIER, President of the Municipal Council of Paris, was arrested and imprisoned, being charged with insulting the President and inciting civil war. Great excitement prevailed as he denied the charges, and was refused release on bail.

THE Czar arrived at Ploiești. Russian troops advanced to the defense of the Soghdian Mountains, and a heavy column was sent towards Vair, in Armenia. A severe engagement between the Montenegrins and Turks, in the vicinity of Duga Pass, was reported, each side claiming victory.

DURING the celebration of the anniversary of the Constitution at Copenhagen on the 5th, a crowd of 20,000 persons paraded the streets. The police force was strengthened and a part of the garrison confined to the barracks, as riotous demonstrations before the King's residence were anticipated.

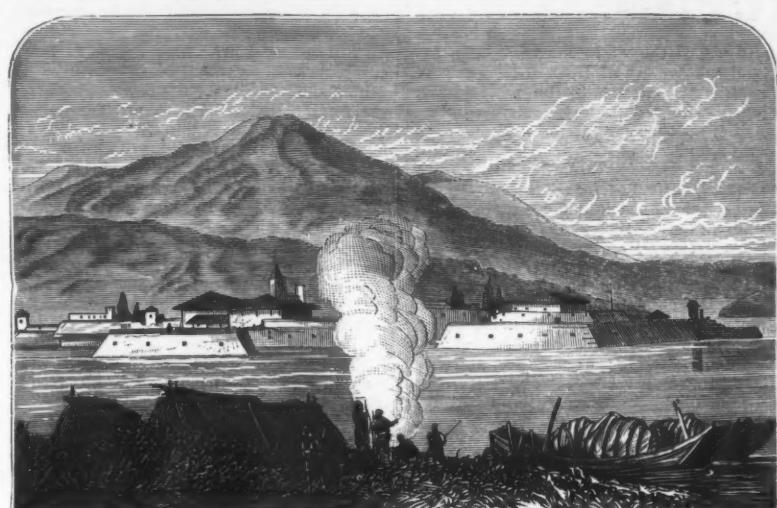
THE PERUVIAN iron-clad *Huscar*, which was seized by a revolutionary party, committed an outrage upon some British subjects, and was attacked by two of Her Majesty's ships, and injured so severely that her crew surrendered to the Peruvian squadron.

GENERAL GRANT is still the lion of the season in England, and in all the special ceremonies in his honor takes precedence of position after the royal family. From the published programme of his engagements it would appear that he will have no time this month for anything save dining. It is announced that Oxford University will confer its honorary degree of D. C. L. upon General Grant and Sir Edward Thornton, British Minister at Washington, at the annual meeting this week. On account of the death of the Queen of Holland, the ball and concert, to be given by Queen Victoria in his honor, at the Buckingham Palace, have been postponed, the former to the 2nd and the latter to the 27th.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 271.



RUSSIA.—SOLDIERS OF THE LINE LEAVING THE BARBOSCHI STATION FOR BRAILA.



TURKEY.—ADEH KALEH, THE FIRST TURKISH FORTRESS ON THE DANUBE.



ROUMANIA.—TURKISH PRISONERS BEING CONVEYED TO RAGAZZ.



RUSSIA.—EXCITEMENT AT ST. PETERSBURG ON THE RECEIPT OF THE CZAR'S PROCLAMATION OF WAR.



MOLDAVIA.—THE SHIPMENT OF TROOPS FROM JASSY FOR THE DANUBE.



RUSSIA.—THE CZAR RETURNING FROM INSPECTING THE ARMY AT KISCHINEFF.



RUSSIA.—THE CZAR PASSING THROUGH THE NEWSKI PROSPECT, ON HIS RETURN FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

MYSTERIOUS EPIDEMIC
AMONG THE FISH IN THE
PASSAIC RIVER, N. J.

ON Decoration Day a party of gentlemen, spending a few hours in fishing in the Passaic River, N. J., were astonished to find a large quantity of dead fish scattered along the shores. As a matter of simple curiosity, they began examining the banks for quite a distance above and below Paterson, and were still further amazed at the discovery of evidences of a general destruction of fish. Throughout the past week the river was visited by thousands of persons, many of a scientific turn of mind, who soon formed theories of the remarkable mortality. It was thought at first that the fish had been poisoned by dyestuffs which were emptied into the river from the silk factories in Paterson, but as the epidemic extended far above that city, and even affected the fish in the most remote of the known tributaries of the river, this theory had to be abandoned. Then it was concluded that death was caused by the chemical refuse discharged from the Rand & Laffin Powder Works and various print-works and bleacheries further up the river, but the same counter-argument also destroyed that fabric. It was noticed that the dead fish—with their eyes out in most cases—floated for a day or two and then sank, whence it became a matter of general belief that the decomposition of so many bodies would affect the water most seriously. Residents of Jersey City, Newark, Belleville, Paterson, Passaic, and other cities, whose drinking-water comes from the river, became quite panic-stricken. The Boards of Health of Newark and Paterson promptly instituted an investigation of the mystery, and the river for many miles is now undergoing a most thorough scientific examination. The section most affected is that in the neighborhood of the Dundee Dam, near the city of Passaic. Above Little Falls, between Mead's Basin and the cele-



NEW JERSEY.—MYSTERIOUS ACCUMULATION OF DEAD FISH IN THE PASSAIC RIVER, NEAR DUNDEE DAM.

bated Passaic Falls, multitudes of the dead fish have been taken out by farmers and used in trenches as a fertilizer. Into a turn of the river, back of Van Riper's place, thousands of the fish had been

blown or drifted, and for a space of fifty feet square one could hardly see the water for the floating carcasses, which might be gathered by the car-load.

The epidemic has extracted all the vim from the

new temperance crusade at Paterson and Newark, for the majority of people will now drink almost anything except water.

INDUSTRIES OF THE
SOUTH.

CONVERSION OF SOUTH CAROLINA PHOSPHATES INTO
FERTILIZERS.

AMONG the many important industries developed at the South since the war, the mining, manufacturing, exportation and domestic sale of South Carolina phosphates are conspicuous. Of all available phosphates of lime, these are the best suited for conversion into superphosphates—which are the only commercial fertilizers that are habitually used in this country for compost. Long before the war, the sad spectacle of wide tracts of worn-out lands spreading in all directions over the Southern States had led ex-Consul Fleishmann and other earnest advocates of agricultural reform to recommend deep plowing, rotation in crops, green manure (the cheapest fertilizer and peculiarly suitable to warm climates), composting with guano and artificial fertilizers, and other features of the best European systems of farming. After the war, it was soon manifest that the value of fertilizers could not be overestimated in the actual and prospective labor relations of the Southern people. The writer of a letter dated Memphis, Tenn., December 13th, 1866, and published in *De Bow's Review*, declared that the production of cotton on a large scale must cease unless special fertilizers were liberally used. He also forcibly illustrated the efficacy of a fertilizer with which he had just been experimenting, thus:

"By the application of 1,000 pounds of this superphosphate, I am satisfied that 1,500 pounds of seed cotton per acre can be produced on our present three-hundred-pound lands." It is by no means superstitious to regard as



SOUTH CAROLINA.—WORKING IN THE PHOSPHATE DIGGINGS, NEAR THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY HARRY OGDEN.

providential, at that critical moment in the history of Southern agriculture—in fact, in our National history—the discovery in South Carolina of phosphate beds, which are, perhaps, the largest and most accessible sources of phosphoric acid in the world.

Until ten or eleven years ago, the value of the deposits near Charleston had been, for all practical purposes, unknown. Geologists and paleontologists had, indeed, long been interested in "the Fishbed of the Charleston Basin," on account of its abundant remains of marine animals—Professor Holmes having found in it not less than 60,000 sharks' teeth alone, some of them of enormous size, weighing from two to two and a half pounds each.

"The bed," says Dr. Pratt, "outcrops on the banks of the Ashley, Cooper, Stono, Edisto, Ashepoor and Columbia rivers; but is developed most richly and heavily on the former, and has been found inland forty or fifty miles." Practical farmers also appreciate the marl beds which underlie these deposits and furnish a cheap and easily procured manure for their lands; but these "lumps of rock"—as they called the phosphates which, near the Ashley river, pave the public highway for miles, and for years past have been thrown into piles on lawns and into the causeways over ravines, to get them out of the reach of the plow—were disregarded alike by scientists and by farmers. The latter looked upon them as nuisance. But in 1867 Dr. Ravelin and Dr. Pratt discovered, by careful analysis, that these "lumps of rock" contained a prodigious quantity of phosphate of lime. The discovery was communicated to Professor Holmes, the eminent geologist, and it led to the organization, successively, of several phosphate companies; five of which are now in active operation in Charleston. Their works are on the Cooper and Ashley rivers, within a few miles of the city. Mazey's "Illustrated Guide to Charleston" gives an interesting account of these companies and of the rapid and extensive development of the phosphate industry in South Carolina. More than \$20,000,000 are invested in the business, and the works for the production of superphosphates and manipulated fertilizers are described by Dr. Memminger in "The Farmer's Practical Hand-Book of Agricultural Chemistry," as being "among the most complete and well arranged in the world." The combined capacity of the acid chambers is about 800,000 cubic feet. The largest single chamber is that of the Etinar Company, which was the first to manufacture its own sulphuric acid. It converts one hundred tons of sulphur per month into acid. It also manufactures the highest grades of superphosphates in the market. Thirty-five thousand tons of manipulated fertilizers, i.e., treated with sulphuric acid, are delivered in Charleston for local sale, and 100,000 tons of phosphate rock are exported after merely breaking and washing. In 1875-76 the total exports, foreign and coastwise, from Charleston and from Bull River were set down in the *Charleston News and Courier Prices Current* at 125,131 tons; local consumption, 18,580 tons; total exports and consumption, 143,711 tons. The works of all the phosphate companies are finely built and are kept in perfect order. The various processes: the manufacture of sulphuric acid; the mining, washing, drying and grinding of the crude rock; the mixing, the integrating and screening are full of interest. One of our cuts represents laborers working in "the diggings" in the suburbs of Charleston. None but negro labor finds occupation in this work. The phosphate is reached at a depth of from three to four feet below the surface of the soil, in a stratum varying from one foot in thickness to three feet. The workmen average the loading of one car daily—each digging, wheeling and loading for himself, earning one dollar for his day's labor. We shall present some further illustrations of other processes involved in the preparation of the phosphates for commercial use.

The supply of South Carolina phosphates is inexhaustible, and Charleston may count upon it as an unending source of wealth.

THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"Do you mean to go to the Woman's Rights affair, Earle?" asked one young man of another from out a cloud of smoke. The two were sitting one evening in December in the smoking-room of Wilfred Earle, a rising young artist of the modern school of figure-painters.

"Yes, I do," replied the one addressed, a fine-looking man of some five-and-thirty years, with thoughtful, dark-blue eyes, a good forehead, from which the curly brown locks were departing fast, and a fine tawny beard and mustache. "I shall go out of mere curiosity, though, for of all offensive articles, to my taste a strong-minded woman is the worst. Just imagine the horrible bore of being tied for life to a woman who traveled about the country spouting on woman's rights! As if all women were not tyrants by nature, without developing the art into a system. Ugh!" and Earle shuddered.

"I should like to see your ideal woman, Earle," said his companion. "You are such a fastidious fellow."

"Well, I suppose every man *has* some sort of ideal; mine is a very vague one. I should not like a heroine of romance, but a comfortable, every-day wife."

"To darn your stockings, let you smoke all over the house, give you good dinners, eh?"

"That's rather a low standard, my good fellow. If that were everything, why not take a good-tempered domestic servant? No, I should like my wife to be intelligent at least; if not intensely intellectual, well read, graceful, feminine. I don't mind so much about beauty. I can get paid models when I want them. One thing she must have—some sense of humor. That's what I complain of in these spouting females—they are so grimly in earnest. In short, I want a jolly, unaffected, sensible girl, who will believe in me, make my friends welcome, my house comfortable, and be a pleasant companion to me after hard work. That's what my ideal comes to, Jack—not a very lofty one, after all."

"I don't know but that the clever women make the best housewives, after all," remarked Roberts, puffing thoughtfully away. "My brother, now—he married a girl just because she was a sweet, soft, amiable little thing; thinking that after knocking about the world a good deal, he should like a quiet, comfortable home. He was not violently in love with Amy, but had a notion of settling down to domestic life. Well, she turned out the most incapable idiot; is given over to nerves, hysterics, all sorts of fancies; cries when he's out after ten, faints if he finds fault with her. It isn't

her fault—there's no vice in her; she hasn't the *stuff* in her, that's all. My sister, Maud, again—you remember her, Earle?"

"Yes. A fine girl; lots of go in her."

"Rather too much, we thought. She was a bit of a flirt—but as clever as she could be. Well, she married a quiet, steady-going fellow we all said she would henpeck. I tell you, Will, they are a model couple! Maud makes a splendid wife, and it's the pleasantest house to stay in that I know. The husband always says 'the clever women' are the cleverest all round."

"Well, it's time we were off. Let's postpone the discussion *sins die*."

Shortly after the foregoing dialogue, Wilfred Earle and his friend found themselves in the midst of a pretty considerable number of people entering the doors of a certain literary institute in one of the Surrey suburbs of London. The audience was mostly composed of well-dressed people; but there was also a tolerable gathering of tradespeople and artisans in the back of the room.

Earle and Roberts took their seat in a corner of one of the windows, intending to be unobserved; but they soon perceived a little lady, of a lively appearance, with bobbing gray curlies and very small hands, which she kept in perpetual motion. One of these hands—incased in an exquisite glove—was waving and beckoning to them in an agitated manner.

Simply bowing in return was of no avail, the waving got more energetic, and Earle perceived he would have to obey the summons. The little lady was not going to lose the chance of catching even an incipient lion; and Earle was a rising man, and was beginning to be talked about.

"Bother it!" he murmured, "there's that bore, Mrs. De Lacy! I shall have to go to her. She is the most persistent woman I know, and the most crotchety, I believe the woman's rights and wrongs are her latest craze. Come along, Roberts, and protect me."

So the two men made their way to the front row, where sat Mrs. De Lacy and her satellites. As for Mr. De Lacy, no one ever thought about him. He was Mrs. De Lacy's husband, and did very well at the foot of the table at dinner-parties, offering good wine to his guests. This, by the way, was the sole point where he dared act independently.

"Here you are, at last, naughty man!" she cried, giving Earle both her hands at once, to his no small embarrassment, as he did not know what to do with them, and would have gladly passed one on to Roberts, who was trying to hide a smile. "What have you to say for yourself? I am very, very angry with you!"

"Indeed! I am deeply grieved! What have I done now, Mrs. De Lacy?"

"Need you ask? Pray, how long is it since you were in Pembroke Terrace, sir?"

"You must really forgive me. I have been very much pushed with finishing a commission picture."

"Well, I will, on two conditions, grant you pardon."

"Pray name them."

"One is that you dine with us to-morrow; to meet—but I won't tell you whom."

"Is that a punishment? It is a very merciful one."

"Ah! you have not heard the second condition. Mrs. De Lacy is foolish enough to want to have a portrait of my poor faded face, and I only agreed on condition that you painted it."

It was as much as Earle could do to keep up an expression of complacency. He could not refuse; but it was no light penance to him—who disliked mere portrait-painting at the best—to be condemned to make a picture of Mrs. De Lacy's little foolish face. However, he consented, as he could not well get out of it.

"Now that is settled," continued the lady, "sit down here, and be charmed. Stay; I do believe you are one of the unconcerned—of the old school in that respect, though your pictures are of the new. Well, then, prepare to be converted. I shall give you up for ever if you are not enchanted with my Silvia."

"Your Silvia! May I ask who she is?"

"Look at your prospectus, sir: 'Miss Stirling will address the meeting.'"

"And is Miss Stirling your Silvia?"

"Yes; to be sure. She is staying with me, and—Oh, I have let out the secret of whom you are to meet! She is the dearest, most delightful—Hush! It is time to begin!" the chairman is hissing. "Now allow your stubborn soul to yield!"

Earle felt at once amused and annoyed. He was savagely determined to detest Mrs. De Lacy's Silvia.

The chairman made a few introductory remarks; then another gentleman, who persisted in talking of "females"; then a certain Mrs. Leighton, who spoke well and pleasantly, as even Earle could not but acknowledge. She did not say anything strikingly new, but her manner was easy and ladylike, and she was sensible and straightforward.

When she had sat down, the chairman rose and announced that "Miss Stirling will now make some remarks on another aspect of the question—on the effects that the extension of the franchise to women might be expected to produce on the community."

Earle had identified Miss Stirling with a tall slight figure sitting in the background.

"Now for a display of extraordinary self-possession," he thought.

The lady came forward simply, but not with that air of coolness which he looked for. Miss Stirling might be six or seven-and-twenty. She was handsomely and becomingly dressed in rather a picturesque style, though not in the least *outre*, in black velvet, trimmed with gray fur, made very plainly, and falling in heavy graceful folds round her slender figure. A black velvet hat and long gray plume suited her face to perfection; and that face, Earle could not but acknowledge, was a striking one.

It was, perhaps, not actually beautiful, though the soft brown eyes and the sweet curved mouth were undeniably so; but full of character, and womanly without. What struck Earle most, as being least expected, was the perfect simple unconsciousness of her manner.

She was nervous, that was plain enough; her hands trembled, her color was high, and she spoke rather falteringly at first; but there was a noble

directness in her honest, open glance that said volumes for the simplicity of her motive. She evidently spoke not to display her powers nor to impress herself upon her audience, but because she had a love for and belief in the cause she was advocating.

After speaking a minute or two, Miss Stirling threw off her nervousness. Her voice—a singularly pleasant one, with the intonation of a well-bred lady—strengthened and grew animated; her words were well chosen and to the purpose. Each one told, and yet there was not the slightest oratorical display or straining after effect.

"Very well done. Yes, very well," thought Earle. "But I should like to see her at home, if such an exploded word forms part of a strong-minded woman's vocabulary."

There was a slight good-humored sarcasm and irony underlying the seriousness of Miss Stirling's speech, if speech it could be called, which prevented it from becoming wearisome, and no one was anxious for her to bring what she had to say to a close. She ended amidst quite a storm of applause.

Mrs. De Lacy turned to Earle in a high state of delight:

"Now, Mr. Earle, what do you say to her? Surely, surely, you are converted now."

"To what, Mrs. De Lacy?"

"Oh! to—woman's right to the suffrage."

"I did not doubt before that she had a right to the suffrage."

"Did not you? Well, now, I thought you were an enemy to woman's progress."

"I assure you, you thought quite wrong."

"Really? Well, then, what is it you object to?"

"I have an objection—a very decided objection—I own, to women speaking in public," said Earle, emphatically.

"Hush, hush!" breathed Mrs. De Lacy; and turning round, he saw Miss Stirling close behind him. She must have heard him; and, indeed, a slight smile told him she had.

"Mrs. De Lacy," she said, quietly, "are you ready? If you are, would you be so kind as to let me go now? I have such a headache!"

"To be sure, dear one? Good-night, you bad, prejudiced man!" she whispered to Wilfred. "Remember to-morrow."

Earle watched the velvet dress out of the doorway, admiring the graceful walk of its wearer, and then he and his friend returned through the cold, foggy streets to their respective homes.

The next evening, when Wilfred entered the De Lacy's drawing-room, he found a party of about twenty persons assembled. The room was furnished, as might be expected from the character of its mistress, in a heterogeneous and peculiar manner—a little of every style, marking different periods of taste.

Mrs. De Lacy herself was bobbing about in the excited way that always reminded Earle of a canary-bird hopping from perch to perch—a resemblance heightened by the cap with yellow ribbons and feathers she wore, perched jauntily on one side. After having paid his addresses to the host and hostess, his eye involuntarily sought for Miss Stirling; she sat rather behind the rest, and was well dressed as on the previous evening. Her costume was of silk, of a cloudy aquamarine color, with square-cut bodice. Her hair, coiled up in a large knot, was adorned with natural flowers; the bracelet and necklace she wore were of plain dead gold.

"She looks uncommonly well in evening dress," thought Earle; "not much of the coat-and-waistcoat style there. What finely-formed arms and shoulders. I should like to paint her."

Ponderous, stiff-looking Mr. De Lacy bore down upon him and whispered mysteriously:

"You are to take Miss Stirling in to dinner. Come and be introduced."

"But isn't she rather formidable?" remonstrated the artist.

"Formidable! Dear, no; one of the pleasantest girls I know."

In another minute Earle found himself part of the procession filing down to dinner, with a shapely hand upon his arm. After his remark of last night he felt unaccountably ill at ease, and was racking his brain for something to say; for "I dare not talk weather to a strong-minded woman," he thought; but when they were seated at table she relieved him by saying, in her straightforward way:

"Are you Mr. Earle, the artist? Mrs. De Lacy runs on so fast one does not carry away clear ideas from her."

"Yes, I am. You did not hear, then, that I am pledged to paint her portrait?"

As he spoke he made so rueful a face that Miss Stirling laughed outright, but checked herself, saying, with compunction:

"It is not nice of me to laugh at my hostess! And she has really been very kind to me."

"Oh, yes! she is good-natured enough! Still—in this instance, allow me to say—the obligation is more on her side than yours."

"Why? I don't see that."

"Have you not found out, then, yet, that our friend has a weakness for collecting celebrities at her house?"

"But, then, I am not one; so that does not apply. I suppose," she added, looking up at him with an arch expression, he was quite ashamed of finding most winning, "that accounts for you being here!"

"Do you really mean you do not consider yourself a celebrity?" he asked, rather sarcastically.

"I don't say what I don't mean," she answered, coldly. "You think, I suppose, whenever a woman 'speaks in public' it is to show herself off?"

"So you bear me a grudge for the unlucky speech you heard last night?"

Miss Stirling colored. "It is small of me to be vexed, I know," she said, after a moment's pause, in her frank, direct way; "but we get a good many snubs, you must know, and we—or I, rather—are stupid enough to feel somewhat sensitive."

"Well, please to forgive me. I spoke principally out of contradiction to Mrs. De Lacy."

"But you did disapprove. I saw it in your face. I believe most of your countrymen share your prejudice."

"My countrymen? What? are you not my countrywoman?"

"I was born and bred in America. My mother is an Englishwoman; and we came over seven years ago, when my father died. So you did not detect the Yankee twang, then?"

"An American!" he said.

"Yes;" and she smiled at his expression. "Isn't that dreadful? Almost worse than public speaking!"

"Miss Stirling," Earle said, honestly, "I won't conceal from you, even if I could, that I have a prejudice against women taking part in public affairs; but I am quite willing to have it dispelled. I must tell you, too, that, though I came last night to scoff, I ended by admiring."

"You are not flattering me?"

"Indeed, I am not! You are the last woman I should dare to flatter."

The beautiful, clear eyes fell under his earnest gaze, and the color rose into her face, which Earle thought at that moment almost a perfect one.

After a pause she said: "Now, I think that both men and women would get on better if they helped each other more on common ground. The sense of superiority on your side produces aggressiveness and self-assertion on ours. Why not leave off quarreling about who is the best, and agree to be different and yet friends?"

"People say friendship is incompatible between men and women."

"People talk a great deal of nonsense," she said, a little positively. "I have several men-friends."

Somehow Earle felt nettled at this assertion, and would gladly have done battle with all these disagreeable men-friends at once. He only said, however: "I hope one day to be happy enough to make one of them; but, meanwhile, how am I to see you again?"

"Are you not coming to paint Mrs. De Lacy?" said Silvia, with her eyes on her plate, but the faint trace of a smile on her lip. "I am staying here, you know!"

"To be sure!" he cried, eagerly; "I forgot that. I'll come to-morrow and begin. But after you leave here?"

"We live at Eaglemore Gardens," she said, simply. "I will be glad to see you, if you like to call."

This calm invitation slightly astonished Earle; he forgot that in America young ladies receive visitors in their father's house.

"Thank you!" he got out, in some confusion. Silvia seemed to read his thought. "My mother, too, I daresay, will be glad to see you; but I suppose you have very little time for calls," she said, haughtily.

He recovered himself. "You are very, very good," he replied. "It would be the greatest pleasure to me."

For a few minutes there was a trace of stiffness in her manner, but it soon passed away; and the rest of the time she spent at the table was taken up with animated talk on all sorts of subjects.

In the drawing-room up-stairs there was music; and very soon Mrs. De Lacy pounced upon Silvia, who was comfortably ensconced in a corner with Wilfred.

"Dear child!" she cried, "it is your turn now. Don't waste more time on converting that prejudiced mortal."

Silvia looked a little bit annoyed, and, getting up quickly, moved to the piano, while Mrs. De Lacy murmured: "Sweet girl! Always so obliging!"

Wilfred stood behind her.

"What shall I sing?" she said, half to herself, looking round.

"You have 'Love and Death' there, I see," Earle said, stooping down. "Please not that."

"Why not? It is a great favorite of mine."

"So it is mine. That is the reason I didn't want you to sing it to all these people. Some day I shall ask you for it."

Without replying, she put the "Sands o' Dee" before her and sang.

Earle waited almost breathlessly for the first note. He was passionately fond of music, and he felt somehow as if an untrue or unsweet note from Silvia Stirling would have jarred him more than he could bear. But the voice and the manner of singing satisfied his fastidious ears absolutely. The sympathy which made her face so interesting thrilled in the pathetic tone of her voice, and Earle had never been affected by music before as he was now by the rendering of this simple song.

As she rose from the piano, she raised her eyes a moment to his; that strange meeting glance that strikes down into the soul, and in which thought seems to answer thought, passed between them like a revelation. It was only an instant, but it was a momentous one to each.

Wilfred Earle walked home through Dreamland. He was fascinated past control, and yet was angry with the fascination, and half wished for the spell to be broken. What strange fate had attracted his life suddenly towards this other, against whom all his prejudices revolted? Why did those clear eyes haunt him so? Had he, after all his sham fancies, struck on the true vein of love? Was this love, or only a half-willing fascination, that had changed

SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, NO. 1.134.



PIUS IX
IN THE FIFTY-FIRST YEAR OF HIS EPISCOPACY AND THE THIRTY-FIRST YEAR OF HIS PONTIFICATE.
1877.

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country were torn off, but the small pines between the clouds were high above the earth until the hill upon which the city is situated was reached, when the lower clouds seemed to disappear, bringing the powerful rotating point close to the earth. It began at the foot of Fourth Street, and passed straight along it through the city, clearing houses on both sides, and passing into the timber beyond the Wabash, parallel with White River. The path through the city did not quite cover two squares in width.

Two converging lines of devastation prove that the tornado partook largely of the character of a cyclone. The first wreck was a frame farmhouse, which was blown out at the sides, letting the roof down upon the foundation. Thence the wind swept over a small strip of timber, and was met by a counter-current of wind from the west, which did no serious damage except to fences in its course. These currents met on Fourth Street, below Main Street, with a force which is described to have resembled the crash of timber or the flapping of sails, and in the space of a few seconds the air was filled with the débris of a hundred dwellings, public buildings and business houses. Some of the wrecks were carried a distance of a mile.

The principal force of the cyclone was spent on the line of Fourth Street, running northeast to the woods west of the river, where the wind was again raised from the earth.

The fury of the storm was spent in the business portion of the town; almost everything in its course was destroyed, including the Court-house, Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal churches, two school-houses, and several fine residences, four business houses, and other buildings to the number of sixty or seventy.

It being a rainy day, many farmers who could not work at home were in town. The County Court was in session also, which brought many people to the city. Men, women and children were blown, in many instances, a distance of 400 feet, as if they were feathers.

To add to the horror of the catastrophe, the ruins caught fire, and the flames were only extinguished after six hours' steady work by the firemen, with the assistance of several engines from Vincennes.

A search for the dead and wounded resulted in the discovery of thirteen dead bodies, and twelve severely injured, beneath the ruins; but it is thought the loss of life will be found to be much greater, as it is probable that several bodies buried in the débris were consumed in the subsequent fire. Special trains were run from many points along the line to the city, bearing physicians, nurses, food, clothing, and other necessities. The loss of property by the storm and fire is estimated at half a million of dollars, but the interest in that is absorbed in concern for the dead and missing. The town was full of country people, and there is reason for thankfulness that the loss of life was not greater.

POPE PIUS IX.

JOHN MARIA MASTAI FERRETTI, now Pope Pius IX., is one of the long line of Italians who have without interruption worn the tiara since the death of Alexander VI. in 1503. He was born at Singaglia on May 13th, 1792, and was the son of Count Jerome Mastai Ferretti. A pious mother presided over his early education, but when he was twelve years old he was placed in a college at Volterra, where he remained for six years, and left with the intention of adopting the profession of arms in the service of Pius VII. A nervous affection compelled him soon after to abandon his military course, and he entered upon the study of theology at Rome. At this early period he took a very active interest in an establishment for the reception and education of poor orphans; and before he entered holy orders Pius VII. placed him at the head of the institution. After his ordination he remained for some time at this post, until Monsignor Muzzi, apostolic delegate to Chili, sought to gain him as an associate. In 1823, therefore, he came to America, where he continued for two years, and then returned to Rome. In 1825 he was made a domestic prelate to Leo XII.; in 1827 he was made Archbishop of Spoleto, and in 1832 Archbishop of Imola. He occupied these two last sees in troublous times, but his prudence greatly promoted peace, and he was a general favorite in consequence of his active charity and other virtues. Subsequently he was sent to Naples as apostolic nuncio, and, having been designated cardinal *in pecto* in 1839, he was openly raised to the full dignity of cardinal December 14th, 1840.

When Gregory XVI. died, and the conclave was held for the new appointment, Cardinal Mastai was elected by acclamation. This was in June, 1846, and he took the name of Pius IX. in honor of Pius VII., his early patron, who had himself been Bishop of Imola. Pius IX. was crowned almost immediately after his election, but he did not take solemn possession of the chair of St. Peter until the November following.

Gregory XVI. had started projects of reform, but the troubles of 1830 and 1831 had put a stop to them. Pius IX. at once proclaimed an amnesty for political offenses, he recalled the exiles, and he liberated the prisoners. Reform was his watchword. The censorship of the press was mitigated, the civil disabilities of the Jews and other religious were relaxed, the system of taxation was regulated, and relations with other Italian States were placed on a better footing.

Austria took offense at his liberal measures, because Lombardy and Venetia became more discontented than ever with Austrian rule. Naples itself was alarmed. Matters became worse when the Pope, through Father Ventura, pronounced the funeral oration of O'Connell in June 1847, declaring O'Connell's name the symbol of the harmony between religion and liberty. Other events which preceded, accompanied, and rapidly followed, added to the difficulties of the reigning pontiff, and the appointment of Cardinal Antonelli mainly tended to bring on a crisis. A demand was made for a lay ministry, and for the levy of forces against Austria. At this juncture a proclamation issued by the Pope was taken as a signal for revolution, and soon after a republic was proclaimed at Paris. This was easily in 1848. Several concessions were made to the republican party, and many changes made, but all in vain—the storm increased, and on November 24th the Pope resolved to quit Rome in disguise, and to seek an asylum in Naples. Having retired to Gaeta, he appointed a commission to govern in his absence; but the Romans refused it, and the revolutionary party voted the abolition of the temporal power, and set up a republic. The Pope at once protested before Europe, and Antonelli made an appeal for the armed intervention of France, Austria, Spain and Naples. France responded, and its forces took possession of Rome in July, 1849, and in April, 1850, Pius IX. resumed the possession of the Quirinal, where he still remains.

While at Gaeta he initiated the steps which led to his declaring what had heretofore been "a plaus

opinion," an article of faith, and the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed a doctrine of the Church in December, 1854. Five months after his return to Rome, Pius IX. divided England into dioceses, and set up an episcopacy there, in the face of most active and energetic remonstrance. A similar step was taken towards Holland in 1855. Two years later a concordat was signed with Austria. But the next Spring a movement began, near the outset of which the chief plenipotentiaries of France and England proclaimed the situation of the Pontifical States an abnormal one. Danger was imminent, and although in 1857 the Pope made a sort of triumphal progress through his States, in 1859, during the war between Sardinia and Austria, a revolt occurred in the Legations, and Victor Emmanuel annexed them. Events rapidly followed each other, and all the efforts of Pius IX. and his friends failed to stop them. In January, 1860, His Holiness issued an encyclical to the bishops, but it was in vain, and soon after Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed King of Italy, with Rome for its capital. Pius lost the greater part of his kingdom, and although he retained possession of Rome and the territory adjacent, his temporal power was reduced to the narrow limits which now circumscribe it.

The fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopacy occurred on Sunday, June 3d, and was the occasion of an extensive pilgrimage to Rome, and of unusually impressive services throughout the entire Catholic world.

With this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is presented an excellent portrait of His Apostolic Holiness.

Sir Walter Scott's Descendants.

In some portions of the world May is considered an unpropitious month for matrimony, and this opinion is strongly held in Scotland. Sir Walter Scott was a very sensible man, and yet he could not resist the power of such a notion. This was shown in the marriage of his daughter Sophia to John G. Lockhart. The author had important engagements in London while the wedding was in preparation, and it was appointed the last day but one in April. Scott left his London business unfinished at a time when a delay of a week would have been of great value, merely in obedience to a national superstition. This union, however, was not fortunate in the general result. The Lockharts had but one son, a sickly boy, who died at the age of ten years, and Sophia did not long survive him. She left a daughter who married John Hope. He took the name of Scott and became the proprietor of Abbotsford.

Walter Scott was married on Christmas Eve, 1797, the bride being Miss Jane Carpenter (or Carpenter), an heiress of French birth. The marriage was not felicitous, especially in view of her mental inferiority, which was a lifelong annoyance to the author. This feature was inherited by their four children, all of whom were far below mediocrity in point of brain activity. The eldest son had a noble figure, which is all that can be said of him. The second son was glad to get a clerkship under the Government, which was his highest attainment. The eldest daughter, Sophia, was the brightest of the children, but never left anything on record to suggest that she was the daughter of a genius. The youngest daughter, Annie, like her brother Charles, died unmarried. She was a frail creature, and was dreadfully shattered by the ruin that fell upon her father's fortunes. After his death she went to London, became a member of Lockhart's family, and died there less than a year after her father. A pension from the King gave her a support, and thus the daughter of the greatest author of the age died an object of royal charity.

The fact that the widow of the second Walter has recently died in London suggests a brief allusion to her name and character. The second Walter Scott was of noble form and vacant head. His father placed him in the army, and the youth made the most of the family name and personal appearance by marrying an heiress. The latter was Miss Jennie Johnson, proprietor of the estate of Lochore. She was inferior in stature and also in personal appearance, but her wealth was a sufficient attraction. The wedding took place on February 3d, 1826, and the "happy pair" went to Dublin, where the husband's regiment was quartered. Soon afterward the latter began to flirt with the ladies, and as this came to his father's knowledge he sent him some sensible advice. The jealousy of the bride became awoken, and the union, according to report, was never harmonious. We thus see that these three marriages, none of which date in the unfortunate month, May, were decidedly unsuccessful.

The second Sir Walter died childless, and the sole representative of the author's line is his granddaughter Monica, who was born in 1862, and who still lives at Abbotsford. Her mother, Mrs. Hope Scott (Lockhart's daughter), died in 1858. It is sad to see how Sir Walter Scott was disappointed in all his children, and also in his grand residence, Abbotsford. He was twelve years perfecting this establishment, and failed two years after it might have been called a finished place. Only twice was Abbotsford opened to its full capacity during his life. The first of these occasions was the entertainment given in honor of his son's marriage; the second was the funeral of his wife, which took place soon afterward.—*Troy Times*.

Ancient Astrologers.

FORMERLY they had rough-and-ready modes of testing claims to supernatural powers. "Dost thou know where thou wilt pass Christmas?" asked Henry VII. of an astrologer. He could not tell. Whereupon the king's grace, which did love a merry jest, made answer, "Then am I wiser than thou, for I know that thou wilt spend Christmas in prison." John Galleazzo, Duke of Milan, is said to have made even merrier at the expense of a gentleman who foretold him that he would die early. "And how long do you expect to live?" he inquired of the prophet. "My lord, my star promises me a long life." "Never trust in your star, man; you are to be hanged this moment," and the Duke took care that his own prediction should be fulfilled. A certain Arab general, whom the French chronicler calls Heggia, was more courteous in the expression of his displeasure. The General was sick, when an astrologer, by way of comforting him, assured his excellency that the illness from which he was suffering would terminate fatally. "Since you have said it," replied the General, "it must be so, and I have so great a confidence in your skill that I should be glad to have the benefit of your advice in the next world. You will, therefore, be so kind as to go there first and await for orders." The astrologer was immediately behended. Indeed, if any one may express an opinion in homely English, the wonder is that astrologers should so often

have been such fools. Few seem to have the presence of mind of Trajanus, who once saved his neck with a commendable readiness of wit. Tiberius, so the Roman historian informs us, when living in exile at Rhodes, whither he had been banished by the Emperor Augustus, loved to while away the time by consulting diviners. The interview usually took place on a lofty eminence overlooking the sea, and the diviner, by some foolish answer, convicted himself of ignorance or trickery, some slaves were in attendance to pitch him head foremost over the cliff into the waves below. It chanced on a certain day that Trajanus had been invited to one of these charming sances. "Tell me," said Tiberius, with a curious look, "how long do you think you have got to live?" Trajanus, who was no fool, appeared to be absorbed in mysterious calculation, then suddenly, with an expression of alarm that was not altogether feigned, he exclaimed that he was indeed at that very hour by a great danger. Satisfied with the answer, Tiberius embraced him, and from thenceforth Trajanus became of the number of his friends.

The New Farms of 1876.

Does any one know how many new farms were opened in the States and their Territories last year; how many new log-cabins have been built; how many acres of virgin soil plowed up for the first time? It is not probable that any one does know with exactness; but there is a little table in the report of the Secretary of the Interior, presented to Congress some time ago, which furnishes the material for an approximately correct answer to these questions. During the year ending with June last there were taken up under the homestead law 1,875,900 acres. New land taken up under the homestead law is for actual cultivation, and is generally taken in lots of 160 acres. It would appear, therefore, that more than 17,000 new farms were commenced last year, under the homestead law, alone. But this is not all. There were sold during the year 640,961 acres for cash, and 137,640 acres were allotted on military land warrants. It is no doubt true that a portion of these 778,331 acres were bought or entered by other than actual settlers, by speculators or by persons who made investments of this nature for future purposes. It would be fair to estimate, however, that one-half of the 778,331 acres were purchased or entered for the purpose of immediate settlement or cultivation; and this calculation would give us 2,432 more new farms of 160 acres each. There were also 21,048 acres entered upon the Sioux and Chippewa half-breed strip and 607,984 acres taken up under the timber culture law. Leaving these two latter items out of the calculation, we have an aggregate of about 19,500 new farms commenced during the year. This means 19,500 new homes. In five years from now these 19,500 farms, under good management, ought to produce annually some 20,000,000 bushels of wheat, some 40,000,000 bushels of corn and some 400,000 head of cattle or swine, making provisions more than enough to furnish meat and bread for New York City for a whole year.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Seat of War on the Danube.

As a matter of course the English and Continental illustrated journals of the present season devote their pictorial space almost exclusively to incidents connected with the Russian invasion of Turkey. Several of the more spirited of these of recent appearance are reproduced on the foreign page of this issue. One represents the hurried departure of Russian soldiers by the railway from the Barboschi station, near Galatz, to reinforce the position of Braila. An escort in charge of some unfortunate Turkish prisoners, destined to be shot as spies, is the subject of a passing sketch on the road. One of the others represents a scene at Jassy, the chief town of Moldavia, with Russian troops at the railway station there.

The First Turkish Fortress on the Danube.

As the Danube is the first line of the Turkish defense, it is interesting to glance at its value as an obstacle to invasion. From Golubizza to Gladowa, the Danube cuts through a chain of hills which extends from the Carpathians to the Balkans, and its bed narrows to about three hundred yards, but the navigation is difficult on account of the rocks which block the channel in the vicinity of the Iron Gate. Here the banks on either side are precipitous rocks, and the channel is defended by the fort of Adeh Kalem, "the fortress of the island," and Gladowa, or *Feti Islam*, "victory of the faith." The first of these, shown in our cut, is held by the Turks, the second is Servian; neither is regarded as of supreme military value. At the mouth of the Timok the valley of the river widens to about twenty miles, and so continues as far as the Black Sea. The ground on both sides becomes more and more marshy, and the number of islands increases as you approach the delta, but in general the Turkish bank commands the Wallachian. Below Rustchuk, opposite Turkuak, the left bank presents solid ground. Opposite Silistria there is a road, practicable at all seasons, leading from Kalarasch to the Danube.

The Czar's Return from Kischineff.

The recent visit of the Czar of Russia to Kischineff, on an inspecting trip, was shortly followed by another visit on his part to the headquarters of the Danubian army for the purpose of assuming command. The monarch's return journey from Kischineff was made with as great rapidity as was consistent with his personal comfort. His arrival at St. Petersburg was hailed with great enthusiasm, as was the receipt at that capital of his telegram announcing the declaration of war, which incident forms the theme of one of our pictures this week. The Imperial family were loudly cheered as they drove down the Nevski Prospect to the station to meet the Czar, but their welcome was as nothing compared to the shouts of excitement and enthusiasm which greeted the Emperor himself. At the head of the procession rode General Treppoff, with a strong force of police to clear the way, then came the carriage containing the Czar and Czarowitz, followed by a brilliant staff of several hundred officers—representatives of nearly all the regiments in the Russian service. Behind them came a carriage, in which rode the Empress and the Princess Dagmar, and the rear was brought up by a string of carriages filled with ladies of the court, State officials, and Municipal dignitaries. A halt was made at the Kazan Cathedral, while the Czar entered for a few moments' devotion, and the interior of which was hung with Turkish banners taken in former wars. When His Majesty came out again the progress to the Winter Palace was continued amid the acclamations of the delighted populace. During the whole day a great number of ladies went about among the crowd, collecting money for the sick and wounded, and in the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated, the most prominent devices of course having reference to the war.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—HOBEL calls music "architecture transferred from space to time."

—OWING to the competition of India the tea trade of Shanghai is declining.

—An urn full of old coins, dating two hundred years after Christ, was lately dug up in Leicestershire, England.

—A PARTY of twenty-eight Chinese naval cadets are now on their way to Paris and London, where they will pass a course of instruction in the naval academies.

—EXPERIMENTS have recently been successfully made in Italy on a method of burning petroleum under steam boilers, which consists simply in pouring the oil over a thin layer of asbestos.

—DURING the first three months of the year nine railroads in this country, with a mileage of nearly eleven hundred miles, representing a cost of \$67,000,000, passed into the hands of receivers.

—COAL of a good quality has been found about eighteen miles from Dennison, Texas. The deposit begins about fifty feet below the surface and increases in thickness as you go deeper. The shaft which has been sunk is within two miles of the Transcontinental Railway.

—GOVERNOR VANCE, of North Carolina, has written a letter advising the planters of South Carolina to plant corn in the place of cotton, wherever the latter has failed. In view of the prospective high prices in consequence of the European war, he thinks the experiment well worth a trial.

—A SURVEYING party who have been measuring the principal elevations in Connecticut have found that the highest land is Mount Brace, in the extreme northwestern corner, which is 2,300 feet high. Next came Bear Mountain, 2,250; Buck Mountain, 2,150; and Bald Peak, 1,996, all in Salisbury.

—THE Louisiana Sugar Planter notices several plantations in Iberia which are this season planted in cane for the first time in many years; also that a mill is being erected on Isle Piquant Prairie for manufacturing sugar only, the many small planters in the neighborhood to be relied upon for cane and fuel.

—TWO carrier-pigeons were liberated one day last week at Magnolia, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, and flew to Philadelphia, one in two hours and the other in one hour and fifty-five minutes. A strong northwest wind was blowing against them. The distance is seventy-nine miles.

—IN the annual report of the Michigan State Board of Health, Dr. Scott describes a disease that he thinks is the result of using tobacco. The patient feels a violent pain in the left side and believes that his heart is affected. The trouble is a rheumatic condition of the wall of the chest. Abstinence from tobacco cures.

—MATHEMATICIANS have named the one hundred and eighty thousandth of an inch as the limit of visibility in the microscope, but Rev. William H. Dallinger has constructed lenses which reveal objects much smaller, and he does not believe that he has yet reached the limit of division and visibility by instrumental means.

—THE strawberry and green pea trade at Memphis is a rushing one while it lasts. One planter gathered last season (and probably will equal it) 100,000 quarts of strawberries from his patches. In a single day the present season, he sold 1,440 quarts in Memphis, and shipped to Chicago, Louisville and St. Louis, 5,400 quarts.

—RECEIPTS of Los Angeles oranges at San Francisco are rapidly falling off, and it is evident that the crop has been nearly all sent forward. The new Tahiti crop is arriving in large quantities, but owing to the considerable quantities of California still on the market, and the abundance of other domestic fruit, the demand for it is not very active. The imports of Tahiti oranges thus far this season amount to 1,500,000.

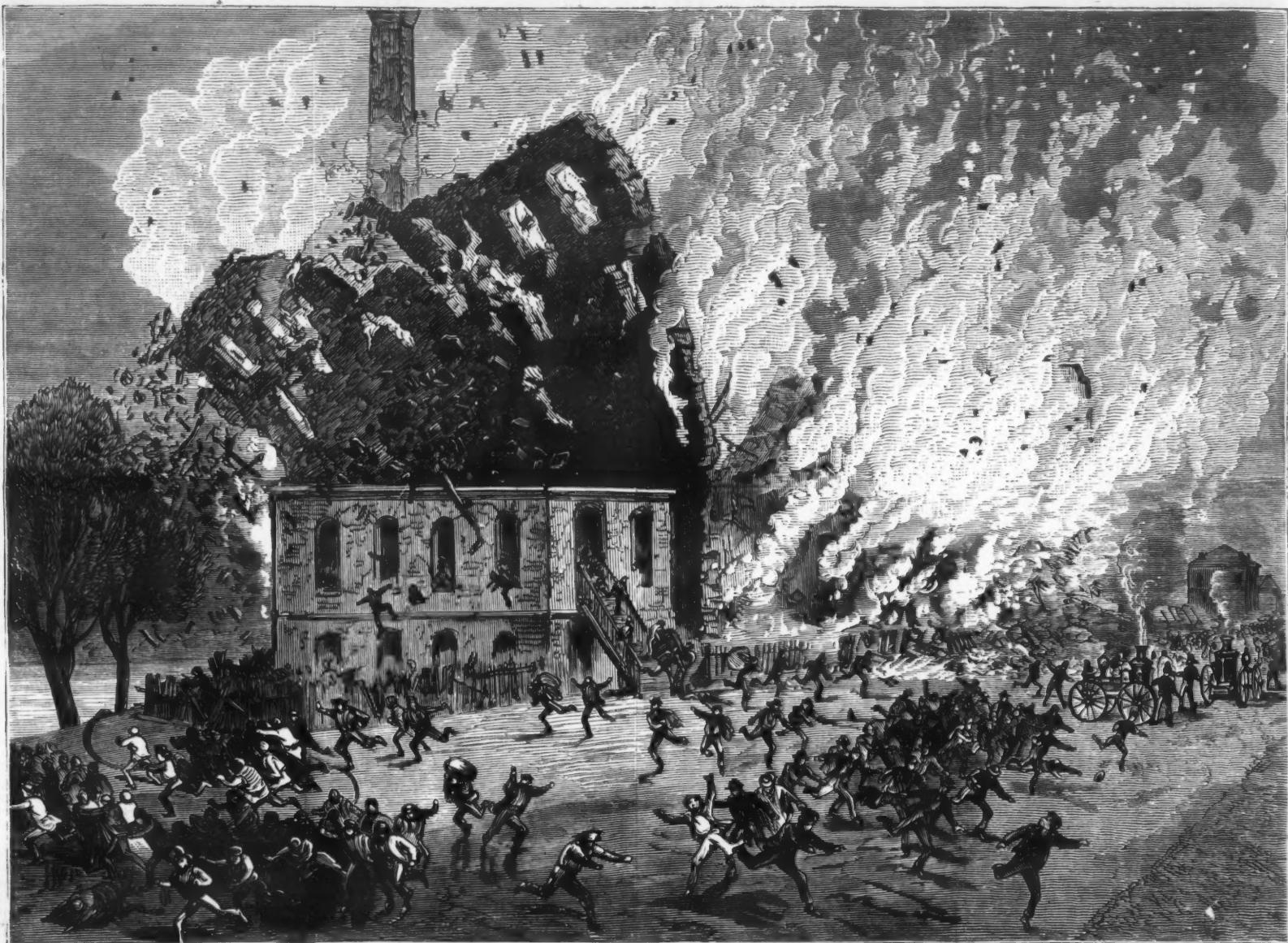
—THE shipment of American apples to Europe, which was only begun in 1867, is now developing into a large business. From the middle of October up to this time almost every steamer leaving New York for Liverpool or London has carried shipments varying from 500 to 3,000 barrels. The extent of the business can be judged from the fact that the sales of American apples at Liverpool alone reached over 90,000 barrels in the month of December last.

—A WRITER in a German engineering journal contrasts the behavior of different animals towards steam. An ox sticks in the engineer's way; dogs run about the wheels of a departing train, and seldom get hurt; larks often build under railroad switches, and swallows make their homes in engine-houses. A pair have for years reared their young in a very noisy mill, and another pair built a nest in the paddle-box of a steamer plying between Perth and Semlin.

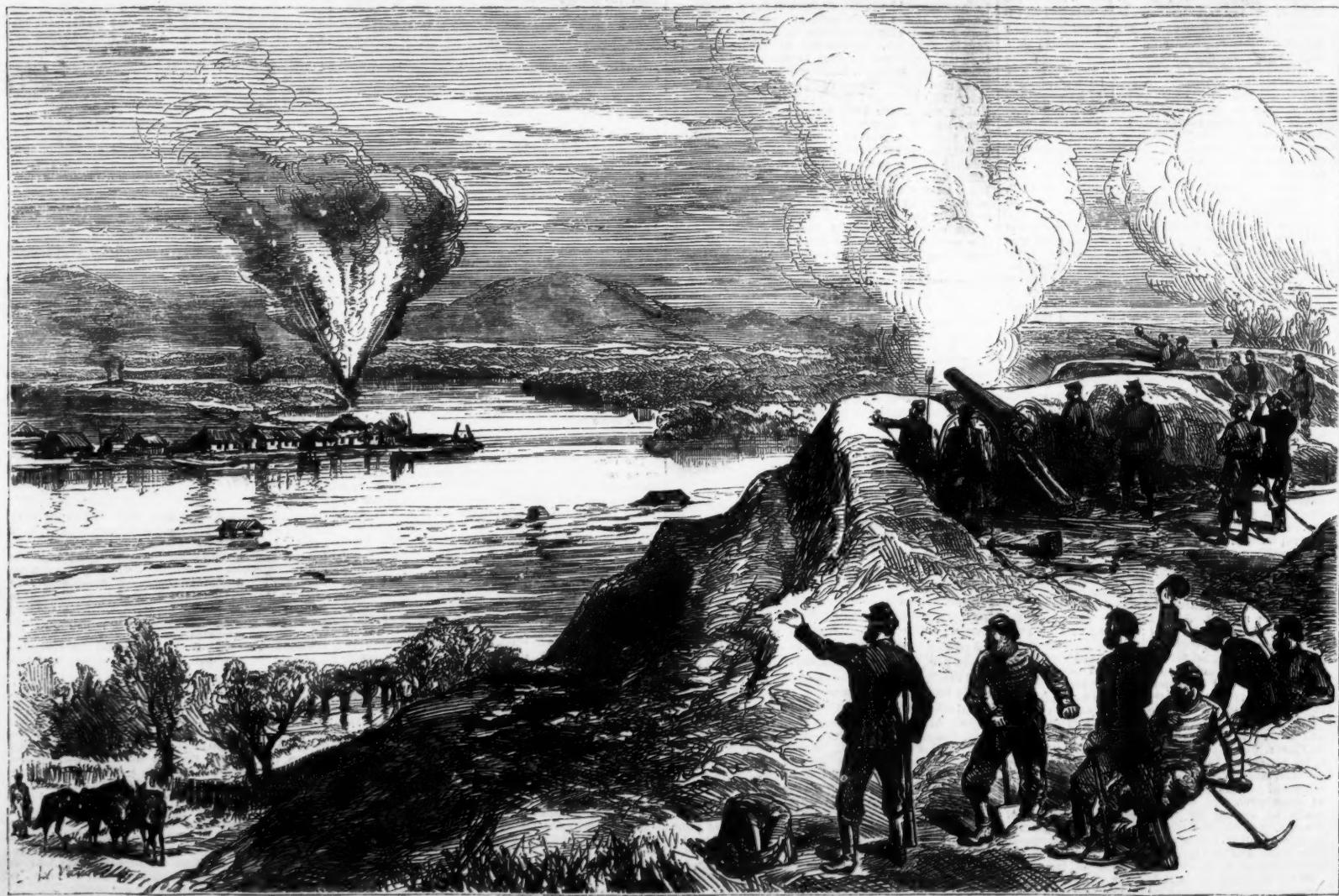
—IF the Christians in the Ottoman Empire really need protection, they are numerous enough to afford a pretext for war. Of the 42,000,000 Ottoman subjects in Europe, Asia and Africa, the Christians number 9,465,000. Of these, the Greek-Russian Church comprises 3,250,000, the Bulgarian Church 3,000,000, and the Armenian 2,500,000. But a good many of these Christian divisions would prefer to remain under Turkish rule to having their territory devastated by contending armies.

—ALL the pilgrims who visit Mecca cast an offering into the three sepulchres for the defense of Islam. It is calculated that not less than 15,000,000 francs a year are thus contributed, and from one of the sepulchres, which was opened in 1829, immense sums were drawn. Another sepulchre was opened during the Crimean War, and now the Sheik ul-Islam has gone to Mecca to draw funds from the third, which has not been opened since the year 1415. Taking the three sepulchres together, it is computed that they must contain about 600,000,000 francs. It is possible that the Prussians may have derived their war-treasury system from this Eastern custom.

—QUEEN VICTORIA has just attained her fifty-eighth birthday. Only twelve others of the reigning sovereigns of Christendom (out of thirty-eight in all) have attained to this age. The oldest on the list is the Pope, who was eighty-five on May 13th. Of temporal princes the German Emperor has seen the greatest number of years, his eightieth birthday having been reached a few weeks ago. The Czar is older than the Queen by about a year, having been born on the 29th of April, 1818. The King of Italy is some ten months younger than the Queen, the date of his birth being March 14th, 1820. The Emperor Francis Joseph is not yet forty-seven. He was born in the year of revolutions, 1830, and ascended the throne in the year of revolutions, 1848. The youngest reigning sovereign is Alfonso XII. of Spain, who is not yet twenty.



CONNECTICUT.—DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF GLOVER, SANFORD & SON'S HAT FACTORY IN EAST BRIDGEPORT, ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 7TH—THE FALL OF THE WALL, CRUSHING ELEVEN PERSONS TO DEATH.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



ROUMANIA.—THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.—DESTRUCTION OF THE TURKISH GUNBOAT "LUFTI DSELIL," ON THE DANUBE, BY THE RUSSIAN BATTERY AT BRAILA.—SEE PAGE 277.

RETURN OF THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS.

BETWEEN the epidemic among the fish in the Passaic River and the sudden and widespread swarming of the seventeen-year locusts, the inhabitants of New Jersey are in any but an amiable mood. This species of locust does not appear in every part of the country in the same year, but the lineal descendants of each swarm appear every seventeen years in their particular locality. The New Jersey variety, which are now having their little Summer holiday, appeared in 1809, in 1826, in 1843 and in 1860. In Southern Pennsylvania, they appeared in 1853 and 1870. In Louisiana they appeared in 1835, in 1852, and 1869. This year they came from the ground, in New Jersey, on the 1st of June, making their *début* on the Orange Mountains. A few days later another myriad sprang up on Staten Island, and they have since gone on increasing to most alarming extent. The locusts appear in a shell, and then go for a tree or a bush, and in less than twenty minutes after they break they commence to feed. The perfect insect emerges from the ground from February to the middle of June, according to latitude and the warmth of the season, and disappears before the early frosts. It is of a black color, and its wings are transparent, with a zigzag line near the tips in the form of the letter W, which the superstitious suppose to be a sign of the occurrence of a war within the next seventeen years. In this way the Mexican War was presaged in 1843, and the Rebellion in 1860. Their eyes are large and protruding, red, with metallic reflections. The rings of the body are edged with dull orange, and the legs are of the same color. The expanse of the wings is from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The males die first, the female living longer because her work is not yet completed, and, being provided with a digestive system which the male lacks, she feeds so as to nourish her young and complete her maternal duties. In order to deposit her eggs in the twig, she bores a hole under the bark long enough for about sixteen eggs, introducing these in pairs



EXCITEMENT AMONG THE FARMERS AT FORT LEE.

tus on each side of the abdomen. Two oval plates inclose the cavity of the abdomen, which contains plaited folds of a parchment-like membrane, transparent as glass. The alternate contraction and relaxation of muscular cords connected with the membrane make a harsh rattling noise, and the action of the cords is assisted by rapid movements of the wings. It requires from three to six weeks to hatch out the eggs, and some of the emerging larvae are often developed on the earth after the twig has fallen. The larvae are about one-sixteenth of an inch long—grubs with six legs, covered with short, yellowish white hairs. On leaving the egg, they drop to the ground, unless the twig from which they emerge has previously fallen, and immediately begin to burrow beneath the surface by means of their fore-feet. It is not known exactly how deep

The bodies of these insects, as before hinted, furnish the most tempting food for other creatures, and fowls and birds particularly have a long picnic while the locust is in "season." As they creep to the highest branches of a tree, they are first attacked by birds, who choose, as the daintiest morsel, their heads. Having removed these, the birds allow the bodies to fall to the ground, where the fowls swarm with open mouths for their treat.

Old farmers assert that locusts do not injure the trees upon which they take refuge beyond killing a few twigs. It is a common saying that after a locust year we have next season an unusually large apple crop, for the locusts seem to prune the tree, as you might say, and the fruit-trees are actually benefited by their visit.

DISASTROUS FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE AT EAST BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

A FIRE broke out in the northwest corner of the third story of Glover, Sanford & Son's hat factory, in East Bridgeport, Conn., at half-past eleven on the evening of June 7th, and, owing to the insufficient supply of water, the building, with its contents, was entirely destroyed. The building was a very large one, its main part four stories in height, with a one-story office on its eastern end. Its frontage was 280 feet, 110 of which was only two stories in height, and its depth 50 feet. In the rear was a brick wing, where were the engine and boiler-rooms, dyehouse, etc., and adjoining this were large wooden storage buildings. Through

all this vast establishment the fire spread with frightful rapidity. A large quantity of finished goods packed in wooden boxes without doubt added to the fury of the flames; but the manner in which the raw wool in the attic burned was simply astonishing.

In a short time thousands assembled, and many exerted themselves to their utmost to save property endangered by the fire. The flames soon worked from the third story up to the attic in the main building, and then the roof tumbled in, sending fiery masses down through the hatchways to the lower stories, and quickly carrying destruction throughout the entire edifice. By this time the heat of the burning main building had become so great as to drive the firemen round to the west wing, and they worked hard but unavailingly to save it. It also awakened the gravest apprehensions in the minds of those in charge of the cartridge factory opposite—where Schuyler, Hartley & Graham are said to be making millions of cartridges for the Russians and Turks—and the steam pumps of that concern were set to work to keep front and rear

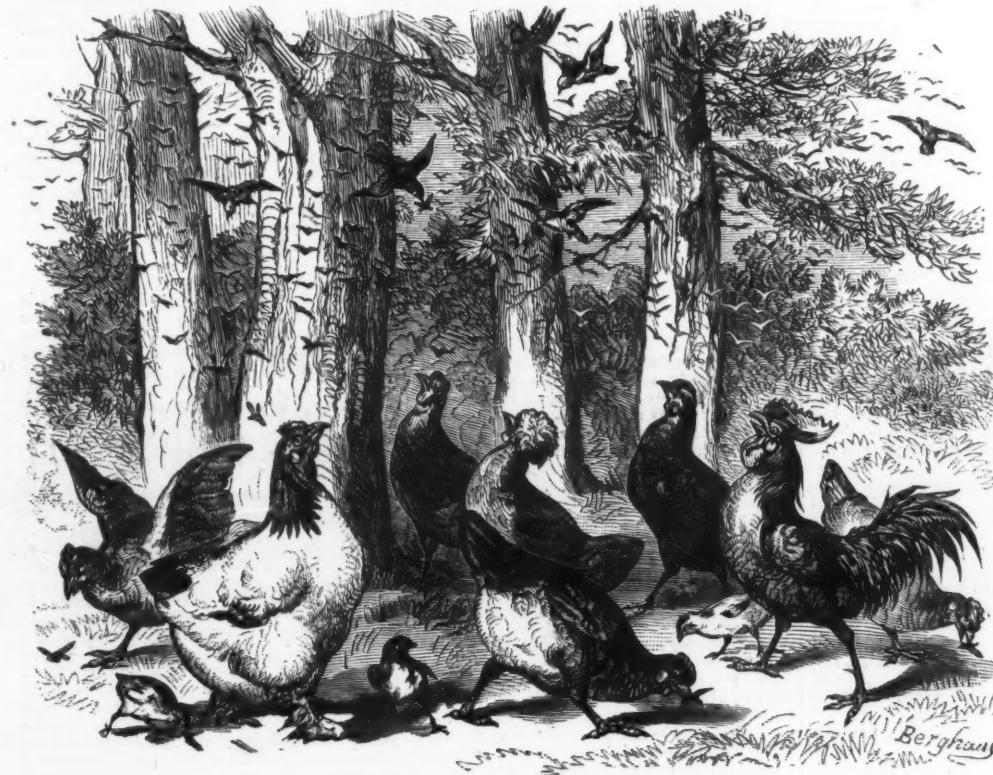
before it clear to the basement. The fragments took fire and were soon in a roaring blaze, and before long a mass of cinders, smoking timbers and heated brick marked the spot where the unfortunate men lay crushed and mangled beneath them.

By four o'clock in the morning the ruins where the office had been were sufficiently cooled for men to enter them and begin the arduous and painful task of searching for the dead bodies. It was to this one point that all efforts were directed, as everybody was confident that in no other part of the building had any person been seen for some time before the falling of the walls. The result, so far as known, sustains the supposition that in that place only was life lost. Before five o'clock five bodies had been taken out. In an hour and a half more four others were reached, and by nine o'clock two more had been discovered, making in all eleven.

Nine of the eleven bodies were found within a space of eight feet square, close about the safe, beneath a mass of ruins from four to seven feet in depth. The others were between the safe and the door.



FIG. 1.—LARVA IN VARIOUS STAGES.



FOWLS FEASTING UPON LOCUSTS KILLED BY BIRDS.

side by side. The eggs are pearl-white, very delicate, and are hatched in about six weeks. The females deposit about five hundred eggs each in this way, and the twig which she pierces almost always withers and falls off. These great numbers would indicate excessive reproduction, but after all, this form of life is only a feeder of other forms of life, the eggs being eaten by ants and other insects, by birds, and especially by woodpeckers, and by toads, frogs, and other reptiles. Probably not more than two of the deposit of each female arrive at maturity, which accounts for the swarm of each period not being greatly in excess of the one which preceded it. About an hour after sunrise these locusts begin their incessant whirring, and they keep it up till after the sun has set. The whirring is made by the males, who have a kind of kettledrum appara-

they enter into the ground, but it is most probable that they do not descend more than two feet. Buried in the ground they remain during a period of seventeen years, with little change, except in their increased size and the development of rudimentary wings. As the seventeen years draw to a close they gradually work their way upward to the surface in circuitous passages about half an inch in diameter. Near the surface they change from larva to pupa, and on a warm night in May or early June they pour out from their holes over the ground and ascend the trees merely to propagate and die as their fathers and mothers did before them.

As the woods are now full of these locusts, persons interested in such branches of investigation will have an excellent opportunity for gratifying their tastes. Those readers who live beyond the districts

now visited can accurately inform themselves by a careful study of our illustrations, which have been made after very painstaking observations in the neighborhood of Fort Lee. The picture of the insect in its several stages of existence represents it in the size of life by actual measurement. These sketches are clear and comprehensive; but a slight explanation of Fig. 1 and 2 will facilitate the study of people who have never seen the live insect.

No. 1, in the first engraving, represents the larva emerging from the ground; 2, the larva creeping up a tree or bush; 3, the larva hanging from a leaf, the insect forcing itself from the shell, wings folded; and 4, the empty shell.

No. 1, in the second engraving, shows a life-size, fully developed insect; 2, the boring and sucking apparatus, which consists of two tubes, one on the head, another a little below, by which the females dig an oblique hole about half an inch deep into the wood; 3, the apparatus with which the female deposits its eggs in the holes; 4, the locust with fully-extended wings; and 5, a side-view of a locust.

After the bodies had been taken over to the undertaker's, the popular excitement was transferred to that place. The street in front was crowded, and the multitude was clamorous to obtain a view of the remains. That privilege was, however, accorded only to members of the press and such persons as fancied that they could identify some of the bodies.

Rumors were circulated that the fire was the work of an incendiary; that not only did it break out simultaneously in three places in the mixing-room, but that it was also discovered at the same time at the base of an elevator-shaft on the first floor. The loss on building, machinery and stock is estimated at \$250,000, of which \$100,000 is covered by insurance. There is also a loss of \$15,000 on finished and partly finished goods, not at all insured.

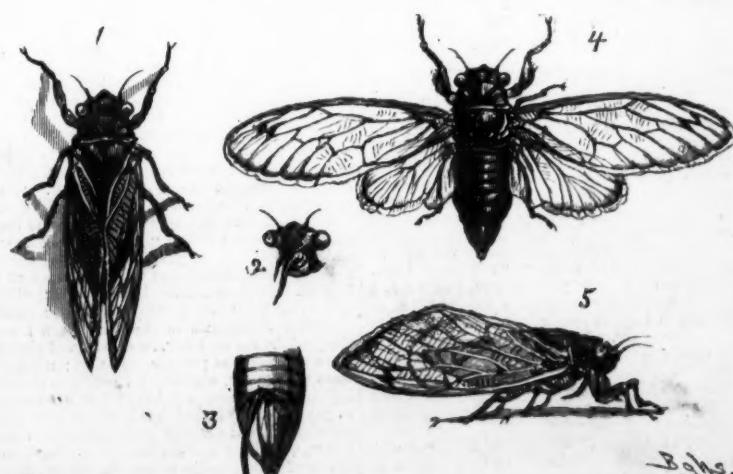


FIG. 2.—THE FULLY DEVELOPED LOCUST.



FARMERS SWEEPING UP DEAD LOCUSTS AFTER A MAJOR INFESTATION.

THE FLIGHT OF THE FASHIONABLES.
THE belles of Upper Tendom, their papas and their
mamas, are taking flight for Long Branch, for Newport and
the Spas; The season is beginning, Fashion's swarms in town
are thinning, You may see their coaches spinning to the boat and
to the cars.

How the dressmakers have toiled for their patronesses
fair! Could you see the bills, I warrant, my dear sir, that
you would stare; But at Fashion's potent mandate, and when Woman
so has planned it, Bank accounts have got to stand it, as you're prob-
ably aware.

Again huge Saratoga trunks the sturdy porters tire;
Again those worthies grumble, swear, totter and per-
spire; At each step the stairs seem taller, to their exceeding
choler, But again the guest's half-dollar tends to mitigate
their ire.

Oh, the brilliance of the hopes, and the exquisite toilette!
Oh, the brightness of the diamonds and of bright eyes
brighter yet!
Oh, the dancing and the flirting, and the mishaps dis-
concerting.
Yet to rivals quite diverting, that put fair ones in a pet!

Once more o'er Congress water shall grimaces sour be
made,
Once more the Long Branch surf shall dash o'er many
a modern Naiad;
At regattas and at races there'll be hosts of pretty
faces,
And beauty's myriad graces tantalizingly displayed.

Adventurers shall lay siege to rich spinsters as of yore,
And match-making mamas lime young noddles by
the score;
There'll be no end of coqueting, on fast horses heavy
betting,
And on faro, not forgetting roulette and rouge-et-noire.

Oh, might I from my gaiters shake the dust of this
hot town,
I know a vale sequestered which, though void of all
renown,
Boasts a hotel nice and shady, with an amiable land-
lady,
Who never doth upbraid ye, and—does her flapjacks
brown.

For that secluded valley a bee-line I'd surely make,
And in that cozy tavern solid comfort I would take;
Let others cut a dash in resorts of wealth and fashion,
I love the country only for the country's own sweet sake.

W. R. BARBER.

BEAUTIFUL AS AN ARCHANGEL.
BY
BURKE O'FARRELL.

CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED).

THE Lazzoletta having finished her last *pas* and
retired to the *couissines*, La Touche shut up
his opera-glass and returned it to his pocket.
"Let's go now," said he. "The Lazzoletta does
not come on again, and I suppose you don't care to
go to the Canteen; only the old hags, about a hundred
years old and plastered with whitewash like a
barrack guardroom, go there to beg for a bottle of
beer out of charity."

So they hailed a hansom at the top of Coventry
Street, and drove straightway to Claude's lodgings
in Down Street, Piccadilly, round by the corner of the
Junior Athenaeum, where Claude immediately
rang for supper.

"Oysters and a devil is all I can give you to-
night, old boy," said he, warming his hands over
the fire, which he had just stirred into a blaze.
"Take a cigar; you will find some remarkably
choice Cubas in the third drawer of the stand there
to the left hand, and help yourself to the cognac;
hot water or cold?"

Supper came at last, but Rakewell touched
nothing, though La Touche helped himself plentifully.
He had fetched out some capital wine, how-
ever, and his guest did ample justice to it; and,
when the supper-things were cleared away, the two
men drew up their chairs to the fire, and sat over it, with their cigars and spirits, till far on in the
smalls. Then, and then only, did La Touche broach
the subject of Michael Fiennes, bringing round the
conversation to that point with cunning dip'omacy,
asking a few trifling questions about him with
apparent carelessness—his age, his personal appear-
ance, his prospects and property—but Rakewell
only answered him very shortly.

"Come," said he, at last, looking sneeringly
across at La Touche, "you may as well speak out
at once, and save yourself the trouble of beating
about the bush. I told you before this evening that
you were not so civil for nothing. You brought me
here to supper because you wanted to know some-
thing about Michael Fiennes, and you thought I
would tell you."

"You are quite right," returned La Touche, un-
abashed. "I have reasons for wishing to obtain
certain information about this precious cousin of
yours. Do me this service, and I will do you
another."

"And what may that be?"

"The most important service anybody could
render you, I imagine," answered Claude, insolu-
tently, as he tossed up a couple of sovereigns and
threw them again.

"And what sort of information do you want?"
asked Rakewell, with a sneer; "not alone, I pre-
sume, that he is forty years of age, that he is a
widower with eighty thousand a year, and that he
is known in l'arisan salons as 'le bel Archangel'?"

"Certainly not. I know all that already."

"Then why do you wish for information, dear
friend?" continued the other, with a still more in-
sulting sneer. "Has my kinsman, perchance, been
making overtures to your mistress, the magnificent
Henriette?"

"No, he has not," retorted Claude, red with
anger. "I would shoot him if he had." Then he
added, with a laugh: "He has appropriated yours,
though."

"Which?" asked Rakewell.

"Lady Diana Charteris."

"She was my affianced wife, not my mistress,"
returned Rakewell, calmly, though there was an
ominous look in his eyes that warned Claude that
he was treading on dangerous ground. "Speak of
her again, and I will strangle you where you sit!"

"I don't want to speak of her," said Claude,
sullenly; "but, for all that, she is engaged to your
cousin, Michael."

"It is a lie!"

"At all events, it is not a lie of my making. I
will repeat what I heard," answered Claude.

"Come, Fiennes; I'm devilish sorry I've hurt your
feelings."

"I have no feelings."

"Well, to return to our subject. Your cousin,
Michael, has got into an awkward mess with the
country people somehow, and is strongly suspected
of having an ugly secret hidden in his past life,
which I have personal reasons for wishing to dis-
cover. Can you help me?"

"I can."

"And will you do so?"

"No!"

"No! Is that your answer?"

"It is."

"Your final answer?"

"Yes." And then the two men looked at each
other, one with angry threatening, the other with
haughty defiance.

It was that darkest hour just before dawn, when
Rakewell Fiennes walked homewards through the
empty streets, where there was only a solemn pol-
iceman to be seen slowly pacing his beat, or a
helpless mortal, "wine o'ertaken," leaning for a
moment against a doorway or lamppost, who looked
maudlin up at the tall passer-by, and then, at
the sight of that dark, haggard face, staggered in
its muddled terror as fast as his zigzag steps would
permit.

But Rakewell Fiennes took no heed of either as
he strode along the muddy pavement, with that
lurid fire still burning in his sunken eyes, and his
thin, white, fleshless hand buried in his breast. He
was thinking of the past; he, that outlawed libe-
tine, whose crimes were almost grand in their
greatness, was dreaming of a heaven long gone by—
oh! so long ago that Lucifer, looking back to that
time in the morning of Eternity when he was the
brightest of the sons of God, could scarcely have
felt the ages since his fall more endless in their
dark despair. It was not for long, however, that
he dared to remember other days—the horror of the
present would have been too great; so he quickly
put away from his mind the vision he had evoked,
and busied himself in thinking over the events of
the past evening.

"Why did I spare him?" muttered he, between
his teeth. "Why did I spare him, when I could
have crushed him by a word? Has he not taken all
from me—home, family, position, fortune, lands,
everything—and left me nothing? My very name
and existence has been blotted out, and I wander
upon the face of the earth, homeless, houseless,
naked, an outlawed, penniless, friendless vagabond,
while he fills my place—my vacant place in the
world—and wears my name, and is lord and master
in the home which was won and kept by the blood
of my ancestors through centuries and centuries.
Ah, yes! it is the old story of St. Michael and the
Devil over again; he has ousted me from my
sovereignty, and reigns in heaven while I grin in
hell! And I have had him in my power; by a
breath I could have crushed him and hurled him
to the lowest pit, and I spared him! Why, heaven
knows, for I don't! Would Lucifer have spared
his old adversary under similar circumstances?
Scarcely." And he laughed aloud a laugh that
woke a strangely dreary echo in the empty street;
then a dark look came into his face. "But let
me beware! Only let *that* be true, and I will
not spare him another instant! He has taken all,
and still I stay my hand. But, let him take
heed; for, if he robs me of her, even though she
can never be mine, then will I strike, and strike
without mercy!"

The gray mist was rising solemnly from the black
and sultry pools in Fiennes Park, shrouding the
still, ghostly woods, the reedy islands and spectral
willows, in a thin, impalpable, winding sheet, while
she "horned moon," in her second quarter, strove
to pierce the fog, as her feeble rays fell on the tall,
dark, motionless figure and upturned face of a man
who stood leaning over the rotten palings beside the
old, black boat-house—a man at the sight of whom
a belated plowboy returning from his work tools to
his heels in mortal terror and fled precipitately, never
stopping till breathless and exhausted, with his
eyes starting out of his head, and the cold perspira-
tion pouring off his forehead, he sank down on the
red-sanded floor of the first cottage in the
village, where he lay shuddering violently, with
glances of abject fear towards the door; and all
that the crowd of curious clodhoppers could get
out of him was, "I've seen the devil! I've seen the
devil, down agin the pools by Fiennes Court! I've
seen 'im as plain as I see you!"

Meanwhile, Rakewell Fiennes stood looking down
into the still, dark, motionless water, as it lay in the
fog and the moonlight, coiled up, black and treacherous,
beneath the rotting roots of the slimy trees,
with the water-rats slipping noiselessly in and out,
and a hundred noisome reptiles, cold and clammy,
creeping amongst the ooze and weeds. "Shall
I slip in, too, and end it all?" he soliloquized,
as a bloated toad crawled over his foot, and dis-
appeared with a dullplash. "It would soon be over,
and then I should lie quietly enough amongst the
skeleton willow-trunks and water-plantains at the
bottom. The carp and tench would pick my bones,
instead of the worms; that is all. I remember
drowning a cat down in that hole when I was a
boy, and, by the next day, its carcass was picked as
clean and white as possible. But, no; there is al-
ways time to die, and before I return to the Eternal
Nothing, I must not forget that I have a debt
to pay!" and he looked darkly across through the
evening mist at the dim, gray outline of Fiennes
Court, with its grand old towers and battlements
shining in the ghostly moonlight, as they loomed
through an opening in the leafless woods. "So
the tale is true, after all, and not a lie of La
Touche's. You have won her love from me! You,

who have stripped me of all I have ever possessed,
have robbed me of her, also. *Tant pis pour lui!*"

CHAPTER XXXI.—"REVENGE IS SWEET, PARTICULARLY TO WOMEN."

AT Rokeye Hall, Miss Skinner awaited the an-
swer to her letter in a fever of impatience
scarcely to be described. Every morning she rose
early, and strolled over the dewy lawns to the gate
at the end of the rookery, there to await the com-
ing of the postman, but every morning in vain;
and she was beginning to despair, when, at the end
of ten days, the long-desired epistle was put into
her hands.

It wanted then nearly an hour to the time of the
late breakfast indulged in by Captain and Mrs.
O'Reilly; so, wrapping her crimson plaid shawl
more tightly round her, the dashing Henrietta
hastened away to the most lonely nook she could
discover in the wild, deserted shrubberies, where,
seated on a moss-grown fir-stump beneath a resinous
clump of pines, she proceeded to devour the
contents of her letter in peace.

On and on she read, with her dark cheeks glow-
ing, her bosom heaving, and her black eyes liter-
ally on fire with fiendish joy, while she could
scarcely help uttering an exclamation of ecstasy
from time to time as she proceeded towards the
close of her epistle, and reveled even now in the
thought of a revenge fuller, deeper and more ex-
quisite than she had hoped for in her wildest
dreams.

Now, indeed, she was amply repaid; now, in-
deed, she held ruin and endless disgrace for him in
her hands; the exquisite power to drown him with
ignominy, to humble his noble head to the very
dust, and to cover him with shame and confusion in
the eyes of the world which hated him already, and
in those of the woman he loved.

"That will be the match, will it?" said she,
laughing aloud in her uncontrollable exultation.
"At, Captain O'Reilly, we shall see that in two
days the whole country will have blackballed him,
and she—ah, I know her well, that haughty, con-
temptuous beauty—she will be the first to disown
her degraded lover. Ah, Michael Fiennes, Michael
Fiennes! you little guessed who you had to deal
with when you dared to despise me and balked my
hopes. Your day has come now, and I will never
leave you until I have paid my debt of revenge
and humiliation, even to the uttermost farthing."

Then she returned to her letter and read it over
again.

It began, "Dearest Deviliskin" (one of the
appropriate pet names by which Lieutenant La
Touche was in the habit of calling his *chère amie*),
and after a few sentences of half bantering, half
loving nonsense, ran as follows:

"I flatter myself I have executed your charita-
ble little commission relating to our friend Rakewell's
cousin in the neatest way possible; indeed, so
great will be his fall after you, my charming
Deviliskin, have read this important communica-
tion from yours affectionately, that were Mr.
Fiennes not a rich man, and myself a poor one, I
should actually feel some little compunction at
bringing so much shame and misfortune on one
who has never, by word or deed, done me any harm;
but, as matters stand, I am relentless. He has
eighty thousand per annum and magnificent es-
tate; I am a man who, though not absolutely pov-
erty-stricken, am poorer than those who really are
so, by reason of numerous expensive habits, and
amongst others, a passion for the turf; naturally,
therefore, I owe him a grudge, though I have
never seen him. If he was a cripple, a confirmed
invalid, a doting old man, or even hideously de-
formed, I would forgive him; but he is neither;
he is, I am told, remarkably handsome, in the
vigor of health and strength, beloved by a beauti-
ful woman, and possessed of every faculty for en-
joying the wealth and position with which he is
endowed. Clearly, the dispensations of Prov-
idence are too unequal. *Eh bien!* I will take it
upon myself to equalize them a little more. Well,
here goes for the secret. To begin at the beginning,
I met Rakewell Fiennes by accident the other
night in the Strand, and magnanimously took him
home to supper, as he looked as if he had not tasted
anything for a fortnight. The fellow was evi-
dently on his last legs, seedy in the extreme, with
regard to his outer man, also; in fact, absolutely
falling to pieces, and looking more satanic than
ever.

"Well, I took him back to my lodgings, did the
good Samaritan in style, cigars five guineas a pound,
best old cognac (of which he drank enough to
drown himself), etc.; and after that, my dear,
when I mildly asked him to give me a little useful
information on the subject of his cousin, he flatly
refused—flatly! There's gratitude for you! That's
what a man gets by doing unto others as he would
they should do unto him.

"After that we had rather warm words and parted.
Imagine, then, my surprise when, three days after-
wards, he appeared at my lodgings, just at dusk,
and said he had altered his mind, and was prepared
to give me any information I wanted about his
cousin.

"I am sure he was drunk—you know Rakewell
never gets drunk like other people; he has a sort
of infernal way of sticking to the brandy-bot-
tle, and when he has swilled down enough to
drown any two men you could name, he is as
sober as a judge, only devilish quiet and can-
kerous; and to-night he was more drunk than
ever; paler, and more diabolical-looking, and
brimming over with envy and bitterness. How-
ever, I received him deuced civilly; out came the
cigars and cognac again, and we sat down to
get into the secret.

"Well," said I, "out with it, old fellow; tell
me all about this handsome kinsman of yours.
Archangel Michael Fiennes, Esq., of Fiennes
Court, in the County of Essex, as the 'Landed
Gentry' has it."

"Well, to begin the story," said he, taking me
by the arm and pointing out of the window; "do
you see yonder little blackguard sweeping the
crossing?"

"I replied that I saw the urchin, but not the
manners in which he affected the history of Mr.
Fiennes.

"Only that Michael Fiennes has no more right

or title to the name he bears, than that ragged
young hound with bare feet and *cuillots*, that will
soon be no *cuillots* at all, by the looks of them,"
he answered. "My dear La Touche, the noble pos-
sessor of Fiennes Court is the misbegotten son of
my precious uncle, whose mother's lawful husband
was living comfortably in this sublunary world for
ten years after he came into existence."

"Bless my soul!" said I; "you don't say so!"

"Yes," retorted he, with one of his bitter
laughs, that really make your blood curdle occa-
sionally, even when you are used to the strong re-
semblance he bears to him who shall be nameless
betwixt you and me.

"You see what it is to be well born; here am
I without a deuced half-penny in my pocket,
living by my wits, while my uncle's illegiti-
mate son has thousands, and is enjoying the
grand old box we have had ever since the
Conquest. His mother was the wife of a-major
in the Eighty-third Highlanders, who eloped
with my father's brother, who was as hand-
some then as his son is now. The major was
an eccentric Scotchman, of some fifty-six years of
age, a tough, wiry old fellow, with a head the color
of rusty nails and the bump of prudence largely
developed. Every one expected that there would
be a terrible *escalade*; but, on the contrary, the
major took things very quietly, and did not put
himself out in the least; he neither sued for a di-
vorce nor offered to fight, but ganged his ain
gait as if nothing had happened; indeed, one or
two of his chums, whist-playing, whisky-drinking
old fogies like himself, publicly intimated that he
was rather grateful than otherwise to my uncle for
having relieved him of a wife young enough to be
his daughter, and who had run him such a devil of
a rig ever since he married her that he had never
known a day's peace. My uncle, meanwhile,
waited patiently for signs of hostility from the
injured husband, but in vain; devil a bit stirred the
major from the land o' cakes, and the slowly-pass-
ing weeks brought no military friend with cour-
teous suggestions of "coffee and pistols," or portentous
lawyer's letter threatening legal proceedings,
and hinting at awful consequences in the pecuniary
line to the relentless ravisher who had violated the
sanctuary of the domestic hearth and caused a hus-
band's brows to be unbecomingly decorated. Some-
canny Scot, indeed, whose heart was in the right
place, i.e., his breeches-pocket—where it bled fur-
tively to see such a golden opportunity lost—sug-
gested damages to his bereaved friend, but met
with a decided rebuff. "Hoot, mon, git awa' wi'
ye," said the major, generously; "dy'e think I'd
touch a groat of his money? The Scripture tells
us to render gude for evil; but I ha'e naewhere
read we were to return evil for gude."

"And so," continued Mr. La Touche, "the tale
ended. Moral: Murder will out, and however
well Mr. Fiennes, or Mr. — (I don't know
what his mother's maiden name was; but blank
will represent his patronymic as well, or better,
than anything else), may have kept his nice little
secret through all these forty years, he will not keep
it much longer. We cannot rob him of his money-
bags, dear Deviliskin, but we can strip him of his
name, and show him up in his true colors; we can
murder his hopes of marrying Lady Diana Char-
teris, and make the entire County of Essex—
normally somewhat bleak and cold—toot to
hold him!"

To describe the diabolical look of Henrietta as
she read this letter would be impossible; she ab-
solutely gloated over it—as ghouls might gloat
over their horrible feast off a human carcass newly
dragged out of its grave in the churchyard, or as
devils might gloat over the fall of one of God's
purest creatures, which they themselves had
compassed—and when she had finished reading it
the second time, when her mind had taken in full
completeness of the ruin and misery which that
letter gave her the power to bring about, she quietly
folded up the precious document, and sat for a while motionless and still, dreaming her fiendish
dreams of vengeance, as she pictured to herself
the tortures that would wring that proud, sensitive
heart when the whole history of his dishonor
should be noised abroad on trumpet tongues, and
when he, friendless, defenseless, bereft of every-
thing, should be compelled to stand alone before
the eyes of the whole world, bent upon him in
condemnation and chilling contempt. She thought
of the looks that would greet him on all sides, and
she knew well enough by experience how county
society could look—the cold stare of cruel *hautes*
from the women, the curious glances of the menials,
dead-cuts from his most intimate acquaintances,
and backs unceremoniously turned in all directions.
But, more than all did she exult over the thought
of how Lady Diana would receive him; she could
fancy him, even now, advancing towards the Cravens' carriage, with that kingly gait of his and the
noble head erect, and she could absolutely see the
expression of her ladyship's icy blue eyes, as she
would look through him—not at him, but through
him—as if he were not there at all, and it was
only the distant fields or trees that met her indif-
ferent gaze. And that sight, even in imagination,
was the crowning point of her triumph, the sweet-
est drop in her overflowing cup of vengeance.

It is needless to describe at length the effect
which Claude La Touche's letter had on the O'Reilles; it is sufficient to say that before night-
fall the whole county was ringing with the news,
and there was scarcely a person, high or low, rich
or poor, gentle or simple, for twenty miles round,
who did not know the whole story of Michael
Fiennes's dishonor, saving and excepting the per-
son most concerned; from drawing-room to ser-
vants' hall, from club to pot-house, it was the talk
of the whole county side.

The O'Reilles spared neither their horses' legs
nor their own pains, and no feelings of pity, grati-
tude, delicacy or remorse had power to hinder
them, as they went about from castle to hall, from
court to grange, from the Cravens to the Muntzes,
from the Northcote Smythes to the Vaughans,
spreading everywhere the report with indefatigable
zeal, giving Rakewell Fiennes as their authority,
and offering every proof of what

lar feeling against Michael Fiennes that scarcely one voice even suggested a doubt in his favor. He had sowed the wind, as Lord Addingfield said, and now he was reaping the whirlwind. It was the unpopularity begotten by his life of solitude—solitude born of the overwhelming burden of his secret shame—that was his ruin now; and the noble, delicate heart that had shrunk, in its deep sense of honor, from making friends with the mamon of unrighteousness, found no habitation to shelter itself under in that day when the storm burst, and the bitter flood of universal reprobation overwhelmed his soul in darkness. The shame itself would have been but a nine day's wonder had he been a popular man. It was the selfish vanity wounded, the sensual appetites disappointed, the petty ambitions overthrown, and the sordid schemes destroyed, that swelled the torrent of righteous indignation against him, and made its waters as black as those of Acheron.

CHAPTER XXXII.—MR. NORTHCOTE SMYTHE HUNTS THE DUKE'S COUNTRY.

THE 13th of February was destined to be a day long remembered in the annals of the County of Essex; it was on Tuesday, the 11th, that Miss Skinner received her letter from Claude La Touche, and the following Thursday was to be rather a great occasion with the Duke's hunt, as his grace was away in Warwickshire, where he had gone to celebrate no less an event than his own marriage, and Mr. Northcote Smythe was going to hunt his country by invitation.

On the previous night Mr. Fiennes went through the stables with Manners, and settled what horse he would ride, in serene and perfect unconsciousness of the storm about to burst over his doomed head, or of the fact that the miserable secret which he carried about in his breast, and which had poisoned his life ever since he knew it, was at that very minute being publicly discussed by his grooms and stable helps, who gave their own various and conflicting opinions on the subject as they sat round the saddle-room fire with their pipes and gin. Neither—failing the key to the mystery—did he notice the polite insolence of his house-keeper's manner, or the stolidly gloomy glances of his servants, when he breakfasted next morning and gave his orders previously to starting for cover.

The hounds were advertised in *Bell's Life* and the country papers to meet at Gawley Scrubbs at half-past ten; for Gawley Wood was a large straggling cover extending brokenly for several miles, and the field was often kept pottering about on the Scrubbs for half the morning before the fox could be got to fly.

The wild westerly wind brought the sound of a distant church-clock striking the quarter, as Mr. Fiennes, with a dust-colored mackintosh over his irreproachable pink, and a cigar, which he had hard work to keep alight, between his teeth, rode leisurely towards the meet, through the unfrequented halter-paths and dreary, moss-grown lanes, where the sodden turf was cut up by recent horse-hoofs, and the gypsies had left traces of their presence in rings of cold gray ashes, with occasional suspicious-looking remains in the way of charred bones and pinion-feathers, which told a tale of hapless long-tails wired in the neighboring woods, and of farmyards rifled of the "gray goose," without any intervention on the part of sly Reynard, who doubtless got the credit of his fellow-robbers' ill deeds.

It was a wild and stormy morning, bleak and dreary; rifted masses of threatening gray clouds, through which the chill, watery sky of February gleamed palely at intervals, scuttled across the horizon, against which the weird, low gorge bushes and stunted whins of Gawley Scrubbs stood out in dark relief; and the western wind was high and blustering, playing strange pranks with the mane of Mr. Fiennes's hawk, with that gentleman's great dark beard, and with the coat-tails of the few scattered sons of Nimrod, who were occasionally to be seen in the distance hastening toward the fixture, while the rain fell heavily in big drops when it got a chance between the sudden gusts.

At last Mr. Fiennes came to a gate—one of those small gates that seem made on purpose for hunters—and, lifting the latch with his hunting-whip, he pushed through, and a hundred yards further on found himself on the brow of a wide, open common—one of those large tracts of uncultivated country that Parliament has lately granted a bill for the inclosure of, and at the corner of four cross-roads, where, as tradition said, suicides had wont to be buried in the olden times, with a stake run through their bodies—not a pleasant place to find yourself at night, if you happened to be imbued with a tinge of superstition, particularly.

He took the road leading straight across the heath, and put his horse into a canter; for, in the far distance, he could just discern a mass of persons collected round the old white finger-post which marked the place of meeting, towards which numerous outlying recruits were hastening from every direction, dotting the wide expanse of coarse, dead grass and furze patches—which looked like a sheep-walk in the bush, in miniature—with their scarlet coats, which told out against the dreary foreground of broken common, and the drearier background of low, threatening rain-clouds, in warm relief. Five minutes after, Mr. Fiennes was among them all.

The usual mob of ragtag and bobtail, mounted on every available animal of the equine or asinine race going on four legs (and some, it appeared, with scarcely any legs at all) that could be pressed into the service, were, of course, assembled, augmented by their *confrères* a grade lower, or, at least, less fortunate, who proposed to follow the hunt at best they might on their own sturdy members; and a goodly show of carriages were already on the ground.

Directly Mr. Fiennes rode up to the assembly, which mustered some couple of hundred persons already, he perceived that something unusual had occurred—the looks and gestures of those he passed were so offensively insolent. Every eye was fixed upon him; the little knots of men gathered upon all sides were evidently talking him over; the ladies in the carriages whispered together, and turned away their heads when he approached, while the very grooms, who would have

been so servile yesterday, stopped gossiping to stare and grin, without a shadow of respect or decency. A group of young men, whom Michael Fiennes knew well, and had shown much kindness to, giving them permission to shoot and fish on the Fiennes estate as often as they liked, stood talking at a little distance, with glances and gestures that showed plainly enough they were speaking of him; but when he rode up to them they instantly, and in a most marked manner, turned their backs.

Next he encountered Captain Vaughan, a man whom he had met a hundred times, and who knew him as well as he knew the windows at White's or the facade of the Rag.

Michael pulled up and was going to speak, but the tawny lifeguardsman passed on with no other sign of recognition than a haughty stare.

Mr. Fiennes's astonishment was unbounded; it exceeded even his indignation; he had not the slightest clue to conduct so apparently causeless, and was going to ride after Captain Vaughan and demand an explanation of his behavior, when he perceived that he had joined the Muntzes, whose whitish-brown, paper-colored heads, beneath fly-away Paris bonnets, were closely laid together in the carriage, as they giggled audibly and glanced in the direction of Mr. Fiennes.

"Oh, lor! Captaining Vaughan—Lorry, I mean—what an 'orrible denouement," said Mrs. Muntz, wiping her face, as she called to her future son-in-law over the yellow door of the family barouche; "what an escape we've had from that shameless h'impotster! Why, he's as bad as the young man who was curate at St. Barnabas last year, and what turned out to be no clergyman at all, but a noted swindler with false certificates. Oh! and to think as our Berliner might have married 'im; it makes me perspire all over at the bare h'idea! Oh, my Berliner! What a fate you've escaped!" And Mrs. Muntz, in the fervor of her maternal feeling, clasped No. 8 of her litter to her capacious bosom. "To think of our making so much of 'is blood, too, and all that; and then to find that 'e's got none at all; it seem like a judgment on us for despis—"

"But here Mrs. Muntz, who was thinking of her papa, in the hide, fat, and tallow trade at Brumagem, was brought to a sudden check by a look from Miss Selina, who dreaded any incautious references to progenitors not sanctioned by the Herald's Office, before her aristocratic intended.

(To be continued.)

The Last of Table Rock.

ON May 24th the last of what was so long known as Table Rock, at Niagara Falls, broke off and fell into the river. The mass weighed nearly sixty-five tons, and up to 1876 over 4,000 names of visitors had been carved upon it. The portion which fell on the 24th composed only half of the original rock, the balance having fallen in 1829. On Saturday, January 1st, 1829, a surface of the rock supposed to be the size of half an acre, forming the bed of Maiden Walk, broke loose and was precipitated into the immense chasm below. The crash was heard for a distance of five miles, and the effects in the immediate vicinity resembled the shock of an earthquake. The water running under the bank is supposed to have caused the fall on the 24th, and the shock when the rock struck the water was distinctly felt three miles from the fall. Several of the trees which stood on the rock are now seen standing in the river as erect as when in their original places on the rock. Where the rock shelved off from the bank, at a distance of twenty feet from the top, can be seen the root of a tree estimated to be two feet in diameter. It attracts considerable attention.

Singular Experiments with Animals.

MUCH interest is attached to the experiments by which Kircher bewildered hens. He described the fowls as standing perfectly stupid and motionless after he had merely manipulated them by gentle patting and had put their heads down so that they looked at a chalk line drawn on board. Czernak followed up the experiments, and succeeded with other birds, large and small. Pfeifer, of Jena, extended the process to rabbits, guinea pigs and frogs. Dr. Hewbell, of Kiew, has gone further in this line than any of his predecessors. He places a frog on its back, with its leg and thigh flexed, and holds it quiet for a short time. Thereupon the frog remains in that position, motionless, except as to breathing, for one, two, three, or even five or six, hours. Hypnotism has been assigned as the explanation of such performances, but Dr. Hewbell seems to have proven that they are quite independent of the power of vision. The quietude lasts too long in the frog's case to be the resignation of terror. Dr. Hewbell concludes that the animals are simply and only asleep. They cannot be awakened from the trance very easily. It is to be said, however, that sometimes, while in this dazed condition, they manifest cataleptic symptoms.

The Cathedral at Metz.

A LONDON newspaper of May 10th, says: "Metz Cathedral, which was five centuries and one generation in building, and which—with its elegant spire rising higher than the cross of St. Paul's—is one of the best specimens of Gothic architecture extant, had its existence risked on Monday last for the sake of artistic effect which the explosion of squibs and crackers upon its roof might produce. The illumination of cathedrals has been an incident characteristic of the Kaiser's visit to his recently acquired dominions, and two better subjects for pyrotechnic treatment could hardly be selected than the Cathedral of Strasbourg, which His Imperial Majesty had previously subjected to the ordeal of fire in 1870, and that of Metz, which was half consumed in his honor on Monday morning. Our correspondent, who has followed the festivities, warned us, in a letter which was lying before our readers at the moment when Metz Cathedral was losing its roof, that the illumination of these invaluable sacred buildings in honor of secular conquerors, while it was in questionable taste, was most unquestionably dangerous to the buildings thus used as a frame for the fireworks. His warning was justified sooner than he could have expected, and we trust that the result may be a little more discretion in employing for these fiery displays of loyalty buildings which, quite apart from their sacred character, are not to

be put in the balance with a paltry single evening's glorification of the most beneficent monarch that ever annexed provinces."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE

Alcohol and Cold.—Mr. William Malley, a member of the Arctic Expedition under Captain Nares, in relating his experiences, said that among the few men who escaped scurvy, and did any sledging worthy of notice, were four teetotalers, who enjoyed perfect immunity from all sickness, establishing beyond the shadow of a doubt that the intense cold of the polar regions could be well endured without stimulants.

The Mathematics of Light.—Professor Rood, of Columbia College, has made the important discovery that mixtures of pigments can be made upon strictly mathematical principles, and that "the sensation of color is proportional to the logarithm of the excitation." The light shades of vermilion mixed with white become purplish; of orange, more red; of yellow, more orange; of green, blue; of violet, unchanged. Exactly the same results were obtained when violet was used instead of white. Professor Rood is, therefore, inclined to regard violet as being one of the primary colors.

Adulteration of Butter.—The Leipzig Pharmaceutical Union has offered a prize for the discovery of a safe method for the detection of the adulteration of butter by other fatty substances. As two of the most distinguished chemists of Germany, Professors Knop and Hantz, have consented to act as judges, the competitors are sure of a candid hearing. There are so many fats sold under the name of butter that a ready way of detecting the fraud is very desirable. Chemists can distinguish between fats by a very careful analysis, too complicated for ordinary use. What is wanted is a test that any one can readily apply.

Birch Oil.—Birch-bark contains an empyreumatic oil which can be obtained by destructive distillation. It is employed in the preparation of Russian leather, and gives to that product its characteristic odor, and at the same time preserves it from the attack of insects. This oil has a dark brown or almost black color, is somewhat thick, and has a specific gravity of 0.939. The birch-bark contains tannin and a resin, and withstands decomposition a great length of time; long after the wood is decayed the form of the bark remains, and it is even taken out whole from lignite beds. The preservative properties of the oil suggest its use for antiseptic purposes, and its action upon insects appears to offer a remedy worth trying in the warfare against insects destructive to vegetation. The birch-tree is very abundant in America, and the preparation of oil from its bark is an industry which might well be introduced, in connection with charcoal burning, in many parts of the country.

Cotton-seed Oil.—Cotton seed is so valuable as a crop to enrich the soil and to return to it what the cotton crop has removed, that it is questionable whether it is good economy to sell it to the manufacturers of oil unless a liberal price is paid for it. In the manufacture of oils the seeds are cracked and converted into meal; the meal is subjected to dry heat, and then scooped into strong sacks and subjected to powerful pressure. The oil runs from the press to a tank and settles during twelve or twenty-four hours, when it is barreled for shipment. The cakes are sold for cattle food and as a fertilizer. A ton of seed produces about twenty gallons of oil, worth from thirty to thirty-five cents per gallon. The crude oil is used for painting, and, when mixed with lard oil, for lubricating. It is also mixed with some lighter oil or spirit for miners' lamps, for which its non-explosive quality makes it valuable. When refined it is used for cooking, and no doubt much of it is sold in bottles bearing French and Italian labels as genuine olive oil.

A Treatise on Theoretical Chemistry.—Professor Ira Remsen, of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, has written a book which students of chemistry will highly prize. Our ordinary text-books are chiefly filled with the history of the elements and the practical details of their preparation. Very little space is left for the discussion of theoretical principles; and it is a question whether the philosophy of the subject may not be omitted for beginners, to be taken up later as a separate study. Professor Remsen devotes the first part of the book to the general discussion of atoms and molecules, which includes the atomic theory, atomic weights, properties of the elements as functions of their atomic weights, quantivalence, or atomicity. The second part is devoted to a study of the constitution or structure of chemical compounds, according to the latest views of modern chemistry. The author assumes that his readers are already familiar with chemistry, and confines himself to theoretical questions. The treatise will be found useful to all who desire to follow the progress of modern science. Henry O. Lea, of Philadelphia, is the publisher.

Experimental Station for Agriculture.—The State of North Carolina has established an experimental station at Chapel Hill in connection with the University, and has appointed Dr. A. R. Ledoux director. Dr. Ledoux, a graduate of the School of Mines of Columbia College, and subsequently of the University of Göttingen, is a skillful and conscientious analyst, who will be likely to make the new department very valuable to the South, where the question of crops is one of vital importance. His duty is to analyze such fertilizers and products as may be required by the Department of Agriculture, and to aid, so far as practicable, in suppressing fraud in the sale of commercial fertilizers. He will also carry on an extensive series of experiments on the growth of crops, with reference to the fertilizers best adapted to different crops, and also to determine what new crops can be advantageously grown on the soil of the State. Experiments of this kind are not of a character suited to the ordinary farmer, and must be conducted at first by men of science. After the results are known it will be time for the farmers to adopt them, provided the experiments have proved successful. The organization of such a department betokens progress in the South.

The Uses of Cryolite.—Large quantities of cryolite are now brought from Greenland to be manufactured into soda, carbonate of soda, aluminate of soda, and fluoride of calcium. The pure white mineral is ground very fine and boiled like flour; it is then calcined with lime, by which insoluble fluoride of calcium results, and the aluminate of soda becomes soluble. On passing carbonic acid through the aluminate, carbonate of soda is formed and the alumina salt precipitated. Aluminate of soda is made in considerable quantity to be used in the manufacture of soap. The fluoride of calcium, which is an incidental product, is employed as a flux in the melting and refining of gold and other metals. The process of preparing soda from cryolite has many advantages over the old plan of making it from barilla or sea-weed. It generally takes twenty-four tons of sea-weed to make one ton of barilla or kelp, and the percentage of soda in barilla is twenty-five per cent., and in kelp not over seven per cent. As the cryolite contains thirty-five per cent of soda, and also yields valuable by-products, the advantage in using it is very considerable, notwithstanding the expense of quarrying and distance of transportation. The aluminate of soda is likewise made from common salt and alumina mixed, dried, and treated with steam. Hydrochloric acid then escapes, and aluminate of soda remains behind.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

LORD DUNRAVEN has recently paid a fine of one hundred dollars, for violating the game laws of Nova Scotia last year.

DANIEL WEBSTER's old law office at Plymouth, N. H., has been bought by Congressman Blair, who is repairing it and means to devote it to the purposes of a Free Library.

E. T. SHEPARD, formerly United States Consul at Tien-Tsin, China, has been engaged as assistant legal adviser to the Japanese Foreign Office, and assumed his duties at the beginning of May.

THE Inland Club has been organized at Chicago. It is composed of lady journalists, and its object is to encourage and promote journalism among ladies. Mrs. Charlotte Smith was chosen president.

HON. CALER CUSHING expects to pass the summer at his old residence, in Newburyport. He changed his legal residence soon after the war to Fairfax County, Virginia, where he owns a farm.

THE Emperor William visited the battle-fields around Metz, and at Gravelotte went into the cottage he occupied, August 18th, 1870, and spent some time in the room where he dictated his dispatch of victory.

THE Hon. Hugh J. Anderson, who is now in his 76th year, is the oldest surviving ex-Governor of Maine. He was Governor of the State from 1844 to 1847, and in 1866 was appointed Sixth Auditor of the Treasury by President Johnson.

THE retirement from the lyric stage of Madame Pauline Lucia is now certain, according to the German papers, and she is giving her farewell performances in Vienna, Graz, and Prague, before she repairs to Switzerland, where she has a villa at Goldenberg.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT has a beautiful country home at Cohasset. It is built upon a high spur of land washed on three sides by the ocean. The terraces and lawns are closed to the water's edge with turf. The private wharf extends into deep water, where lies the actor's yacht.

EX-MINISTER SANDFORD has sailed for Europe. He goes out as a delegate from the American Geographical Society to the Brussels Conference, which is to discuss the plan of the King of the Belgians for promoting civilization in Africa. The other delegate is Mr. H. M. Schieffelin, who is already in Europe.

THIERS is hale and hearty, and his walk, carriage, dress and conversation are not those of an old man. He wears neither whiskers nor mustache, and, like the Iron Duke of England, shaves himself with an untrebling hand; indeed, the morning hour devoted to the razor is his favorite time for receiving visitors.

MGR. CONROY, the Papal Alegate, arrived at Montreal by steamer from Quebec on the 2d, and was met at the wharf by a large crowd. Mr. B. Devlin, M.P., presented the address of welcome. A long procession was formed and marched through the principal streets, accompanied by bands of music, societies in regalia, etc.

MRS. MORRIS PHILLIPS, wife of the editor of *The Home Journal*, died last week, in her early prime, at her residence in East Thirtieth Street. The funeral was largely attended by the friends of the family, including many gentlemen well known in art and literary circles, who well remembered the fond wife and loving mother in her happy home, and in the select circle of which she was a distinguished ornament.

Miss EVE BOUCICAULT, the eldest daughter of the actor and playwright, is going to marry John Clayton, the gentleman who played *Orsino* in the London representations of "The Dancin' Men," and who made a success as the hero in "All for Her," the play which did not become popular here. His *Trooper* was a very pretty and bright young lady.

GEORGE ELIOT, at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery, is described by a writer in *Truth* as "quiet and gentle, dressed in black, with a white cashmere shawl thrown square over her shoulders. The face is powerful. Wordworth resembled a horse, the noblest of beasts, and George Eliot has similar characteristics. Beside her stood her husband, G. H. Lewes, who wears the worst of hats on the cleverest of heads. His conversation was simply delightful."

M. LE VERRIER, the distinguished astronomer, is stated, on the authority of *Nature*, to be so seriously prostrated by overwork, that his condition causes much anxiety to his friends. This interruption of his laborious mathematical researches is the first in a period of twenty years. His wonderful verified prediction of the existence and place of the telescopic planet Neptune was made in 1846. Since then he has been chiefly occupied with profound studies of perturbations in the orbits of the planets, and has made, from four or five distinct sources, several separate calculations of the distance of the sun.

M. JAMES C. FLOOD, one of the owners of the Bonanza, reputed to be worth \$25,000,000, said to a reporter recently: "I never bought a share of stock that I did not pay for and take away. I never sold a share short. Mining is a risk, any way; but it is a risk almost always the wrong way to people who speculate on margins. You ask me about the Bonanza. Well, I believe in them; but you need not pin your faith on me. I've got a right to do what I like with my own money. I've got a comfortable home of eight rooms for my little family, and so I spend what I don't want for marketing and clothes in Bonanza."

WHILE composing, Richard Wagner wears a simple dress, after the style of the costume worn by Walther von Stolzing in the opera of the "Master Singers of Nuremberg"—brown tricot of silk, knee-breeches of velvet tied with ribbon, velvet shoes, silk shirt with large puffed-out sleeves, velvet vest reaching low down, and a dark velvet coat lined with silk, the arms extremely wide at the wrists, leaving the silk armlets fully displayed. That indescribable cap, seen in nearly all portraits of the composer, completes this quaint fifteenth century costume. Ordinarily, however, the composer dresses like anybody else.

Two royal personages have fallen out with each other, the Queen of England and the king of pianists. It must be admitted that the king has the best of it. Herr Rubinstein was invited to play at Windsor recently, and after performing very brilliantly, he was hospitably asked to refresh himself with some sherry and cold chicken in the housekeeper's room, where a functionary further offered him ten guineas—the sovereigns and shillings neatly put up together, as for a physician's fee. He declined both the refreshment and the cash, and has since said a number of unpleasant things in London about the whole affair. Her Majesty's uncle of unrighteous memory, George IV., was more courteous and more considerate when he dealt with artists, as the elder Mathews, among others, has testified. The English journals which chuckle, rather disloyally, over the story, ungraciously observe that Herr Rubinstein can well afford to assert the dignity of the divine art, inasmuch as he is understood to have made £8,000 sterling by his English tour with Carl Rosa. But Beethoven asserted it with no such golden-bucking long ago, and against a loiterer personage than the Queen of Great Britain.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEÑOR DON ANTONIO MANTILLA DE LOS RÍOS Y BURGOS, SPANISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE SPANISH MINISTER AND HIS WIFE.

SEÑOR DON ANTONIO MANTILLA DE LOS RÍOS Y BURGOS was born in Granada, Andalusia. He received his education under the supervision of his uncle, Don Javier de Burgos, who was twice a member of the Spanish Cabinet, first under Queen Christina and afterwards under Queen Isabella. He exhibited a decided taste for literature, achieving enduring fame by his translation of the works of Horace, which remains the standard Spanish edition of that author. After occupying a leading position as a writer on the political press of Madrid, he was appointed Civil Governor of the provinces of Castellon, Granada, and Cadiz. Subsequently he was appointed Political Governor of Havana, after which he visited this country for the first time in 1860. After his return to Spain he occupied successively the positions of Director-General of the Political Section of the State Department, Postmaster-General, and Member of the Council of State, the latter post being usually given to Ministers in their retirement. He was also Deputy in the Cortes for several terms, and in opposition to the Government of that period. Although in favor of monarchy,

Señor Mantilla was appointed, in July, 1874, Minister Plenipotentiary to Washington, during the latter period of the Republic in Spain, and his appointment was subsequently confirmed by the Government of King Alfonso.

Madame Maria del Pilar de León de Mantilla was born in Cordova, Andalusia. Her father was Don Carlos de León, colonel of the Spanish army, who distinguished himself in the Carlist wars.

He was wounded in the battle of Bellascoal, one of the most famous battles of that war, while serving as aide-de-camp of his uncle, Lieut.-General Diego de León, called "the first lance of the Spanish army," and created Count de Bellascoal for his great victory.

Another general of the same name brother of Madame Mantilla's father, covered himself with honor, falling in the battle of Huesca against the Carlists. Her grandfather on the paternal side was the Marquis de la Atalayuelas, General of Cavalry, who married the Marchioness de Guardia Real. On her mother's side, Madame Mantilla de-

sends in direct line from Leopoldo de Gregorio, Prince de Esquilache, who was Prime Minister of Charles III, when he left Sicily to be crowned King of Spain.

THE TOWN OF IQUIQUE, PERU,
RECENTLY VISITED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

A N earthquake of considerable severity visited the coast of Peru and Bolivia on Thursday, May 10th. The town of Iquique, a small seaport of South Peru, forty miles west of Zarapica, on the Pacific, and opposite the famous guano island of the same name, was the principal sufferer; although much damage was done at Arica, another seaport, 200 miles from Arequipa. At the former place a large number of stores, factories and quays were demolished, the harbor and railway connections injured, and about 10,000 tons of nitrate of soda, ready for shipment, destroyed.

In the great earthquake of 1868, a similar tidal wave carried the United States steamer *Wateree* ashore at Arica, and left her far inland. The recent wave carried the wreck of the *Wateree* still fur-

ther inland. The whole coast of California was washed by the wave of the 10th ult., the rise of water in some places amounting to twelve feet. The progress of the wave from the Peruvian to the Californian coast must have been not less than 800 miles per hour. The exact locality of the earthquake which occasioned this wave has not yet been ascertained. It was nearly as severe at the Sandwich Islands, many lives being lost there, and other damage done, by tidal waves. It is also the opinion that the rock on which the steamer *San Francisco* was wrecked was thrust up by the same earthquake.

The citizens of Iquique were already at the height of excitement on account of the seizure, three days previously, by some partisans of Pierola, of the ironclad *Huascar*, the finest vessel in the Peruvian navy.

The conspirators sailed out of the harbor of Callao to attempt the overthrow of the Government, and it was supposed that the vessel would proceed to Iquique, take on board Pierola himself, and then inaugurate the rebellion at Arequipa. It is likely the earthquake interfered with his plans, however, for a dispatch from Iquique, dated June 1st, announced that piratical acts against British subjects had been committed by the rebels, for which Her Britannic Majesty's ships *Shah* and *Anethyst* engaged the *Huascar* off Ylo, on the 29th of May, and damaged her so severely that, although she escaped in the dark, the rebels were obliged to surrender to the Peruvian squadron.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—MADAME MANTILLA, WIFE OF THE SPANISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRAPER'S OBSERVATORY.

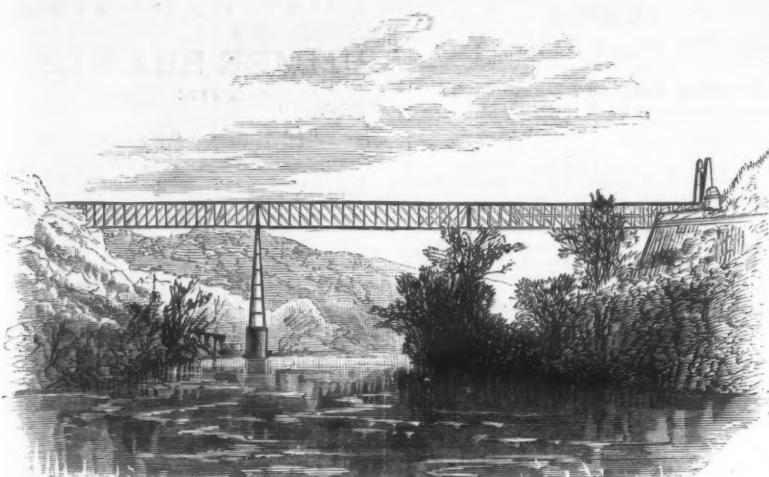
THIS observatory is located at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, twenty miles north of New York. It contains the finest collection of instruments in the world for the application of chemistry and physics to astronomy. Several of the European scientists who visited it last Summer expressed their astonishment that instruments of such perfection should be found here when the great European government establishments had not yet procured them. The Emperor of Brazil, the very day he landed in New York last Summer, sent word to Professor Draper that he desired to see his observatory, and he spent a day there in July.

The principal telescopes are three in number: a 28-inch silvered glass reflector, the largest telescope in this country; a 15½-inch reflector; a 12-inch refractor. The woodcut shows the equatorial room with the 28-inch and 12-inch mounted in such a way that they can be driven by clockwork to follow the heavenly bodies. There is also a fire-proof transit room with cases for spectrometers; a photographic laboratory, an alt-azimuth room, and a workshop with engine and lathes.

These instruments, with the exception of the refractor, were made by Professor Draper himself. In this observatory the great feat of photographing the spectrum of the star Vega and of the planet Venus was accomplished. Very fine photographs of the moon have also been taken.



PERU.—THE SEAPORT TOWN OF IQUIQUE, IN SOUTHERN PERU, PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY THE GREAT TIDAL WAVE AND EARTHQUAKE OF MAY 10TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. C. WARD.



KENTUCKY.—BRIDGE OF THE CINCINNATI SOUTHERN RAILWAY, CROSSING THE KENTUCKY RIVER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. H. FOX, DANVILLE, KY.

BRIDGE OF THE CINCINNATI SOUTHERN
RAILWAY,
SPANNING THE KENTUCKY RIVER.

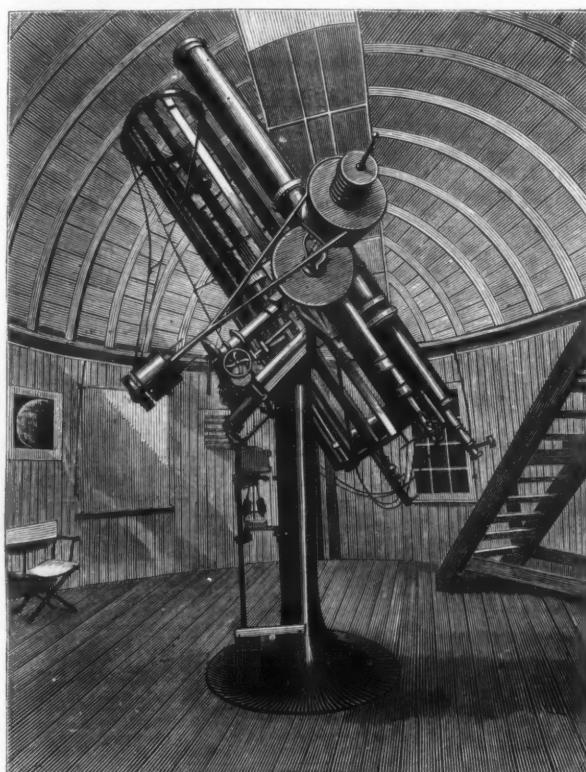
THIS imposing structure was designed and built by C. Shaler Smith, C.E. The towers were raised in 1854, for it was proposed to span the river with a suspension-bridge, but the idea was abandoned upon their completion. Work upon the present bridge was begun Oct. 16th, 1875, and finished in February last. The truss is a double intersecting girder, or continuous cantilever, entirely of

"Savannah Benevolent Association. Presented to" (here is inserted the name of the recipient), and in the centre is the Geneva cross and the figures 1876. On the reverse is the quotation, "I was Sick and Ye Visited Me—Matt. xxv. 36." In the centre is a representation of the Good Samaritan. A committee was appointed to prepare the testimonial and a resolution of thanks for self-sacrificing services, and a medal was sent to each of the following persons: Dr. Octavius A. White, New York City; Dr. E. F. Dr. Graffenreid, Columbus, Ga.; Dr. Hartwig Bunz, Wilmington, N. C.; Dr. M. Gilman, Vicksburg, Miss.; Dr. George F. Kollock, Florida; Rev. Charles S. Snowdon, Jacksonville, Florida; Rev. C. C. Prendergast, Augusta, Ga.; Rev. F. J. Redman, Macon, Ga.; Rev. R. A. Brown, Columbus, Georgia; Rev. P. F. O'Keefe, Macon, Ga.; Rev. Father Hubert, S. J., New Orleans, Louisiana; Rev. E. O. Schachte, Columbus, Ga.; Judge W. Milo Olin, Augusta, Ga.; Sister Xavier, Dalton, Ga.; Sister Mary Anne; Sister Angela, Augusta, Ga.; Sister Catherine, Georgia.

A TURKISH TUR-
RET-SHIP
DESTROYED ON THE
DANUBE.

THE first shot fired on the Danube proceeded from a Russian battery between Reni and Galatz, on the 12th of May. A Turkish monitor or double-turret gun-boat, the *Lütfi Djelil*, was lying off Matchin. The Russian battery consisted of but two guns, a 6-inch mortar and a 24-pounder. Sub-Lieutenant Romanovsky pointed the mortar, and sent a shell into the funnel of the monitor. A white puff of vapor rose immediately from the vessel, and then flashes of flame and a cloud of smoke. A

moment later an explosion was heard, and when the smoke cleared away nothing was seen of the monitor save the tips of her masts. It was supposed by the Russians that the shell found its way into the magazine, but the cook of the vessel, who was



NEW YORK.—THE OBSERVATORY OF PROFESSOR HENRY DRAFER,
AT HASTINGS, ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

wrought-iron, excepting the bed-plates. There are three spans, the middle one being 375 feet long, and the end ones 300 each, while the total length of the bridge, including approaches, is 1,125 feet, and the height above low water 275 feet. The cost of the work was \$400,000.

MEDAL PRESENTED TO YELLOW FEVER
NURSES

BY THE SAVANNAH BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

THE Savannah Benevolent Association have caused to be struck a beautiful gold medal for presentation to a number of physicians, clergymen and nurses from other cities, who aided in relieving the sufferings of the people of Savannah during the yellow fever epidemic of last year.

The medal bears on one side the inscription,



GEORGIA.—GOLD MEDAL OF THE SAVANNAH
BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.



GEORGIA.—GOLD MEDAL OF THE SAVANNAH
BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

The Archbishop of Kischnia has suggested that, in aiming the canon or the mortar, the lieutenant was directly inspired by heaven; but, as he has been decorated, Romanovski divides the honor with Providence.

A GREEK FUNERAL.

A WRITER for an Edinburgh paper refers to the death of his washerwoman as follows: A few hours before the funeral the body was placed in a bath filled with wine, and there washed by the priest and his deacon. The corpse was afterwards dressed in the best costume of the deceased, and laid, face uncovered, in the coffin. The priest recited prayers and sprinkled the coffin with holy water, and this was also done by the relatives and their friends. The corpse was then carried out by bearers, and on reaching the door of the cottage the person most dear to the deceased approached, bearing a cup full of white wine and a sponge, and, after having had them blessed by the priest, proceeded to wash the mouth of the dead woman with the wine, as a symbol of washing away her iniquities. This done, the cup was thrown on the ground, trod on, and broken in many pieces, and its fragments hastily covered over with earth or thrown into the sea. The funeral procession was then formed, and started in the following order: First came the deacon, carrying the lid of the coffin, and accompanied by three friends of the deceased—one carrying a tray covered with many small glasses, another with a tray with small bits of toasted bread, and the third carrying a large bottle of wine. These were followed by the choristers, the priest, the body (the face uncovered), and, lastly, by the relatives and friends. In this order the company paraded through all the streets of the village, the women of the family, assisted by the professional weeping women, crying and loudly lamenting, and all afterwards returned to the house of the deceased. There the corpse was laid for a few minutes on the ground at the entrance, and then taken up and held high in the air by the bearers, the relatives and friends therupon passing under the coffin as a token of respect for the dead. The funeral thereafter proceeded to the church, where, while the usual ceremonies were being gone through, the wine and toast were handed round, and each person partook of them, saying in a loud voice, "May the Lord receive her," the deacon answering each time, "Amen," and incensing the speakers. A fresh collection was made for the family, and then the funeral started for the burial-ground. There the corpse was despoiled of its finery, the coffin covered up and laid in the earth, amid the fresh lamentations of the women. Sweetmeats were then thrown on the grave, and each assistant was bound to pick one up and eat it, saying afresh, "May the Lord receive her." The funeral having thus concluded,

the family and friends retired to the nearest *café*, where I had the satisfaction of seeing the husband of the deceased washerwoman consoling himself by getting gloriously drunk on "raki," a kind of white brandy, which is largely drunk by the lower orders in this country. Three days after the funeral plates of boiled barley, covered with sugar, called "colivas," were sent around to all the acquaintances of the family, and eaten in memory of the deceased. This latter custom in the richer families is renewed three months and nine months after the death.

DURATION OF LIFE IN ANIMALS.

THE following table of the duration of life in certain animals is translated from an old German work: The elephant, 150 to 200 years; camel, 50 to 60; ass, 30 to 50; horse, 20 to 30; deer, 20; bull, 30; ox (draught), 19; cow, 20; lion, 60; bear, 20; wolf, 20; dog, 25 to 28; fox, 15; sheep, 10; hog, 20; cat, 18; squirrel, 7; hare, 7 to 8; goat, 10. Of birds—parrot, 110; eagle, 100; swan, 100; goose, 50; sparrow hawk, 40; canary (if it breeds annually), 10; do, if it does not couple, 24; nightingale and lark, 16 to 18; peacock, 24; turkey, 14; hen, 10; quail, 6 to 7; duck, 25; the alligator and crocodile, 100; tortoise, 100; carp, 100 to 150; pike, 40; cricket, 10; spider, 1.

A similar statement, made upon a basis of more recent observation by American naturalists, would be interesting in connection with the above.



ILLINOIS.—THE MOUNT CARMEL TORNADO OF JUNE 4TH.—EXTRICATING THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS FROM THE RUINS.—SEE PAGE 270.

FUN.

The disposition to sit down upon Turkey is probably due to the fact that it is the Ottoman Empire.

A YOUNG man from Auburn, N. Y., who went to the Black Hills this Spring, has telegraphed to his father: "Fatted calf for one."

The chief result of the Turco-Russian war thus far has been to awaken the world to the fact that neither side knows how to spell.

AN indiscriminate slaughter of dogs is threatening. All right, but remember that every dog killed leaves several hundred fleas to be cared for and amused.

"THE little darling I didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby on purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it, dear?" "Yes, ma; and if he don't have himself, I'll do it again."

DIALOGUE between the Sultan and an old officer, privileged by his age and long service: "Sire, I am exhausted by the labors which my position exacts of me." "Very well; I am going to give you a place in which you will have nothing to do—pay master."

WHEN you see a young fellow who a year ago used to step up and order lager for the crowd with the utmost sang froid patiently trundling a baby-carriage along the street on Sunday afternoon, and looking chafed in his last season's hat, don't it speak volumes for the reforming influence of woman's society?

THERE was quite a company of fashionable guests sitting round the table after dinner, who happened to disagree as to the date of a certain event of which they had been talking, when the host's eight-year-old-un attempted to expedite the solution of the problem by suddenly asking: "Why, mamma, what day was it you washed me?"

THE Ohio State Journal tells of a village clergyman who, visiting a parishioner suffering from a lingering disease, expressed to his wife that she sometimes spoke to him of the future. "I do indeed, sir," was the reply. "Often and often! wakes him in the night and says: 'John, John, you little think of the torture as is prepared for you!'"

THE other day a boy started to carry home a yellow-jacket's nest to tie to the dog's tail to have some fun. He didn't get the nest all the way home, as it became so heavy he couldn't carry it, but he succeeded in coaxing most of the yellow-jackets to accompany him the whole distance, and they supplied him with so much amusement that he hasn't thought of fun or the dog since, and doesn't think he ever will.

LEAVEN.

"A LITTLE leaven leavens the whole lump" is entirely true, when you use the old reliable Royal Baking Powder; it is the strongest and purest powder in the world, and excels anything for making biscuits, cakes, all kinds of muffins, etc.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

THIS is a nation of enlightened freemen. Education is the corner-stone and foundation of our Government. The people are free to think and act for themselves, and that they may act wisely, it is necessary that they be well informed. Every individual gain increases public gain. Upon the health of the people is based the prosperity of a nation; by it every value is increased, every joy enhanced. Health is essential to the accomplishment of every purpose; while sickness thwarts the best intentions and loftiest aims. Unto us are committed important health trusts, which we hold not merely in our own behalf but for the benefit of others. In order that we may be able to discharge the obligation of our trusteeship, and thus prove worthy of our generous commission, it is necessary that we study the art of preserving health and prolonging life. It is of paramount importance to every person not only to understand the means for the preservation of health, but also to know what remedies should be employed for the alleviation of the common ailments of life. Not that we would advise every man under all circumstances to attempt to be his own physician, but we entreat him to acquire sufficient knowledge of his system and the laws that govern it, that he may be prepared to take care of himself properly, and thereby prevent sickness and prolong life. In no text-book will the people find the subjects of physiology and hygiene, or the sciences of life and the art of preserving health, more scientifically discussed or more plainly taught than in "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y. It is a volume of over nine hundred large pages, illustrated by over two hundred and eighty-two engravings and colored plates, is elegantly bound in cloth and gilt, and is sent, post-paid, to any addressing the author, at the low price of one dollar and fifty cents a copy. Nearly one hundred thousand copies have already been sold, and the present edition, which is revised and enlarged and more especially adapted to the wants of the family, is selling very rapidly. It treats of all the common diseases and their remedies, as well as of anatomy, physiology, hygiene, human temperaments, and many other topics of great interest to all people, and is truly what its author styles it, "Medicine Simplified."

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We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Alex. Frothingham & Co., which will be found in this issue. Those of our friends who wish to transact business of that kind can find no better parties to act for them than the above firm, who are thoroughly acquainted with the business and are well known in New York Banking circles.—*Thompson's Bank Note Reporter*, New York.

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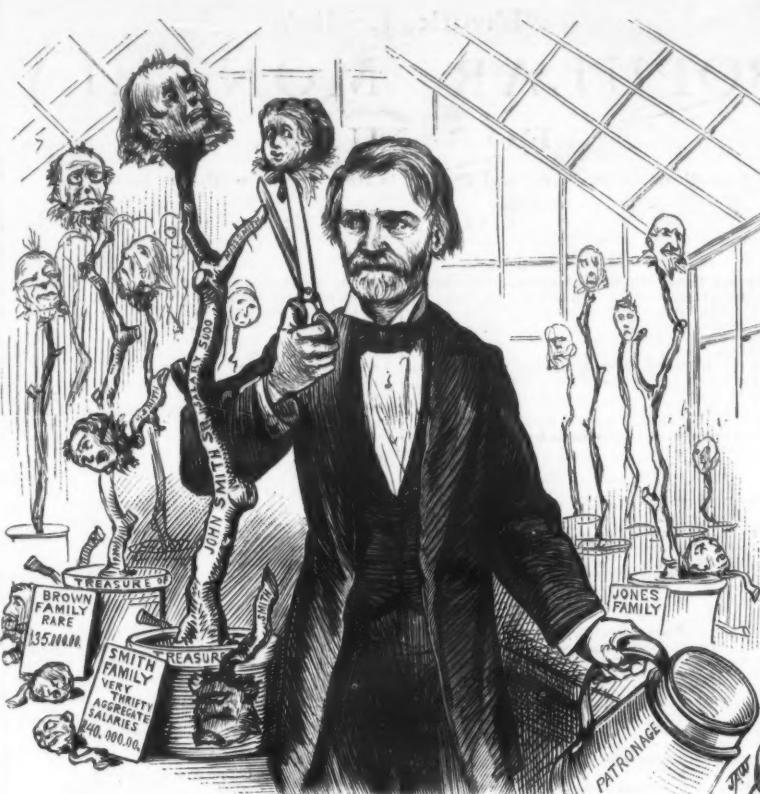
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